# The Outlook

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## The Governorship Race in New York

IF he were not the son of his father, judgment upon the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt as the Republi- didate for Governor of New York simpler and would be juster to Regi- ause of his father's great ca- ersonality, he enters the con- the advantage of a certain s, but also with the disadvantage inevitable comparison that at once is the basis for unfair criticism. Dr. Sailin comparison seems the more plausi- ause of the parallel between the d circumstances of his father's r and his own. Each in turn was a ber of the Assembly in the New Legislature, a fighting colonel at front, and Assistant Secretary of the y. Theodore Roosevelt the younger ade a particularly honorable record in ie war for bravery, gallantry, and com- etence as an officer. As Assistant Secre- tary of the Navy he rendered very dis- tinguished service in the preparation of he Treaty for the Limitation of Naval rmaments. By his home environment, his education, and by his experience office he has had an exceptional train- ng for the public service. There ought be more men of such training in merican public life than there have been in the past.

He has been called upon to meet a very formidable antagonist. Governor Alfred E. Smith has obtained a popularity in New York State which is almost, if not quite, without precedent. In spite of the fact that he is widely considered the favorite of those professional Roman Catholics who would like to employ political means for the furtherance of the interests of their Church, and in spite of the fact that he is regarded as a champion of those who would like to break down the operation of the Prohibition Law, he has earned the respect of many of his political opponents for his integrity and for the humane influence he has had upon social legislation. "Al" Smith has always run ahead of his ticket. His following is larger than his party.

To displace such a man from public office is no light task. In this campaign Colonel Roosevelt will have a full opportunity to display all his ability.

(C) Underwood

**Theodore Roosevelt, Republican candidate for Governor of New York**

## Mr. Davis Replies

To Harry M. Daugherty's demand that he cease making "vague and all the more reprehensible" references to him in his speeches, John W. Davis replied that his references to the former Attorney-General had not been vague, but quite definite and open, and that he found no warrant for withdrawing any of them. "If the Constitution is to endure," wrote Mr. Davis, "the first requisite is that men who hold office under it shall be honest and faithful in their trust. Its real enemies are not the Reds and Bolshevists of whom you speak, whose shadows frighten you, but corrupt and impotent public officials and their associates."

The importance of any statement from Gaston B. Means, upon whose denial of his testimony Daugherty based his demand for silence, was brushed aside by Mr. Davis. The significance of Means, as Mr. Davis saw the situation, was not any statement that he made or denied or reiterated, but the fact that he was employed by Mr. Daugherty as an agent in the Department of Justice "when his character was already notorious." Neither did Mr. Davis make any defense of Senator Wheeler, or even suggest that the indictment against him did not have foundation in fact. What he did point out as significant with regard to Senator Wheeler was that the Department of Justice, under Mr. Daugherty, made no effort to procure an indictment "until he had assumed a leading part in the criticism of the Administration and of yourself."

In the outset Mr. Davis might have done better than to base his campaign so largely on the scandals of the present Administration, but he was not injured in his exchange with Mr. Daugherty. Indeed, it appears that Daugherty, if he has affected the campaign at all, has further injured the party that already had suffered enough at his hands. The public was in a mood to regard the Daugherty incident as a closed chapter, and the Democratic attack on that line was making little impression. Mr. Daugherty's effort to defend himself, particularly through the discredited and discreditable instrumentality of Means, has served to give the whole sorry business a place of more importance than it deserves in the campaign. Mr. Daugherty, if he could not remain deaf to things said about him, should have had the tact—and the nerve—to remain dumb. It was the only service he could have rendered his party.

## Secretary Hoover on Government Ownership

HERBERT HOOVER can always be depended upon to do any job he undertakes in a thorough and workmanlike way. This is notably true of his discussion last week in a radio address of Senator La Follette's advocacy of Government ownership for railways and public utilities.

The facts adduced by Mr. Hoover are so much to the point and so complete as



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an exposition that this statement might very well be recommended to all who wish to study the topic of Government ownership regardless of the present campaign.

La Follette has declared that he stands for Government ownership not only of railways, but of every other public utility, adding, for emphasis, "every one." Mr. Hoover piles up facts and figures to show what an enormous proposal this is, and declares that such a scheme would turn the purpose of our Government into money-making, which is not its function. It would add, he asserts, $40,000,000,000 to the public debt and, apart from the financial vastness, it would in its political philosophy abandon our own form of social organization and inject into our National effort "an economic patent medicine from Europe."

The difficulties of any satisfactory Civil Service system that would develop if nearly three million new employees should be taken into the public service, as would be necessary, were pointed out convincingly. The political possibilities of influence as between parties would be dangerous, the speaker said, when the body of office-holders, with their wives and dependents, should be thus enlarged to become over twenty-five per cent of the whole vote cast.

The fallacy of the common argument that what is done abroad can be done in the United States was dealt with by Secretary Hoover in a comparison of the efficiency of foreign government-operated railways with those in our own country. He showed that in Italy, Germany, Sweden, and elsewhere the number of railway employees has constantly been increasing while the traffic and receipts have been decreasing. On the other hand, the number of employees of American railways is about the same as it was ten years ago, while there has been a ten per cent increase in the traffic. This shows that, as Mr. Hoover says, "American railways are the only railways on earth showing increased efficiency in the last ten years."

This is only an outline of parts of Secretary Hoover's quite remarkable address. It certainly should be published in full and circulated widely, not so much for campaign purposes as because it is a notable array of knowledge bearing precisely on subjects about which too many are apt to talk with more theoretic confidence than actual information.

## Lotta and the Soldiers

THOSE of us who have recollections of the stage forty years ago or more will recall the sprightly entertainer—she could hardly be called an actress in any large sense of the word—who was always called solely by the diminutive of her first name, Lotta. Her full name was Charlotte Mignon Crabtree. Her best-known performance was probably in an adaptation of Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop" in which she "doubled" the parts of the pathetic Little Nell and the whimsical and eccentric Marchioness. Lotta was immensely popular with those who liked a sort of superior vaudeville worked into the form of a play. She danced, sang, and rioted over the stage in innocent and catching high spirits, but she had no pretensions to high dramatic art.

Since Lotta's retirement many years ago, by fortunate investments in real estate and in theatrical companies she prospered exceedingly. Now, after her recent death in Boston, it appears that her estate, estimated roughly at four million dollars, is almost entirely to be devoted to benevolent or helpful purposes. Apart from comparatively quite small legacies to individuals, money is left by Lotta for a "dumb animal" fund, including (unfortunately, we think) a sum for so-called anti-vivisection agitation, a theatrical fund to help members of the profession in need, a Christmas fund for needy persons, a fund for aiding discharged convicts, a hospital fund for free beds in Boston Hospital, an educational fund for pupils in the New England Conservatory of Music who need assistance, and an agricultural fund intended to aid graduates of the Massachusetts Agricultural College to engage in agricultural pursuits.

The public interest in Lotta Crabtree's benevolence is, however, naturally centered in the fact that half of the entire property—perhaps two million dollars—is left to establish a trust fund for men and women who were in the service during the World War and who were disabled, maimed, wounded, or sick, and for their dependents. Miss Crabtree declared her pride and admiration for the heroic and patriotic service rendered by our soldiers and sailors and others in the service during the war and expressed her feeling and purpose in saying that she selected in this particular trust "the noblest and most deserving philanthropy to which my estate can be put."

This great donation is one of the largest of its kind ever left by an individual not generally known to the public as possessed of vast wealth. The American people will have a warm and earnest feeling of respect and admiration for the woman who has thus finely revealed her patriotism as well as her philanthropic sympathy.

## Trying to Outlaw War

AGGRESSIVE war—that is, war conducted for the mere aggrandizement of the nation that makes it—ought to be regarded as criminal.

So far as that is the honest purpose of those who at a meeting of the League of Nations at Geneva are discussing plans for outlawing war, all Americans can sympathize with it and approve it. That there are difficulties in the way of determining what war is merely aggressive and of deciding what ought to be done in case of a nation that is suspected of designing aggressive war is evident from the very discussion that has been taking place.

To Japan the rest of the world and particularly America should be grateful for making clear one of the most serious of those difficulties. Briefly, the plan under discussion would provide that any nation, whether a member of the League of Nations or not, that would refuse to arbitrate a matter under dispute could be judged an aggressor, and would be virtually outlawed. The citizens or subjects of an outlawed nation would have no right under international law. Their property, for example, might be seized. Under the Covenant of the League of Nations domestic questions are excluded from international concern. Japan caused consternation when Mr. Adachi, her spokesman, made it clear that Japan would not support the plan if it were so framed that Japan could be regarded as an aggressor in case she took steps "to defend her legitimate interests" in repelling an attack upon her honor. Especially in view of the references made in the discussions to the exclusion of Japanese attempting to migrate to the United States and Australia, for example, the implication was obvious. If such a matter as the control by each nation of its own immigration policy is left to that nation without international interference, Japan threatens to withdraw from the whole undertaking. On the other hand,

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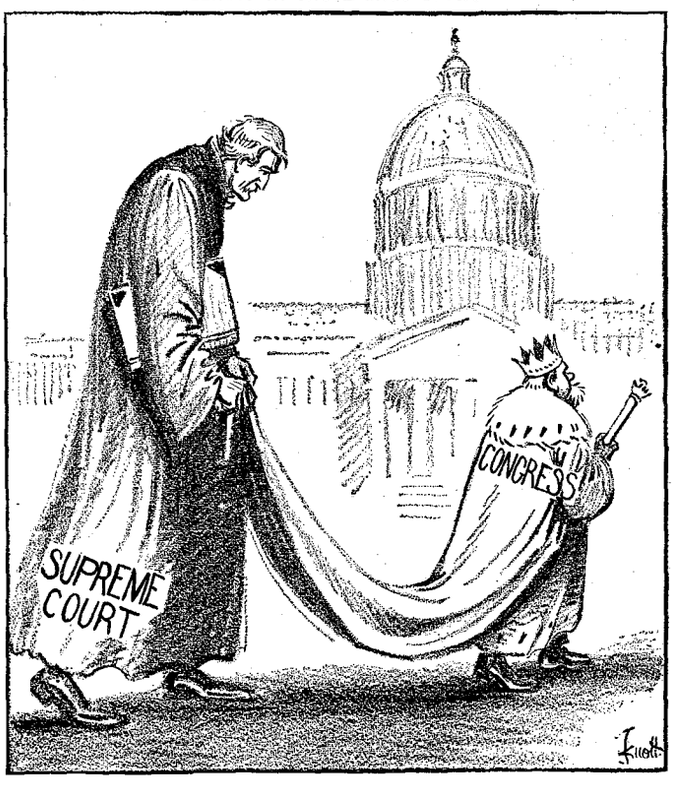
# Learn to govern better

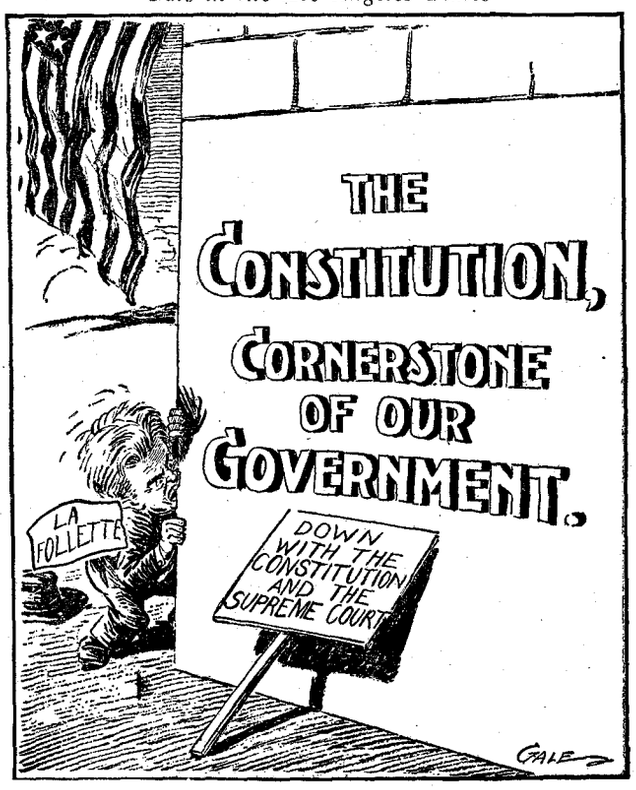
*(2 Henry VI, Act IV, Scene 9)*

*Knott in the Dallas News*




**As La Follette would have it**

*Gale in the Los Angeles Times*




**Biting on granite**

From Mrs. H. M. Collins, Los Angeles, Cal.

*Kuhn in the Indianapolis News*

MY COULDN'T HE MAKE A MESS OF THINGS THOUGH, IF HE GOT THE CHANCE.
CONGRESS
VOTER
POSSIBILITY OF ELECTION GOING TO CONGRESS FORECAST
CHAS. KUHN-24

**Moral—Don't give him the chance**

From Dr. Kate Williams, Indianapolis, Ind.

*Kirby in the Erie (Pa.) Daily Times*

**What about the science of Government?**

From Ruth S. Momayer, Erie, Pa.

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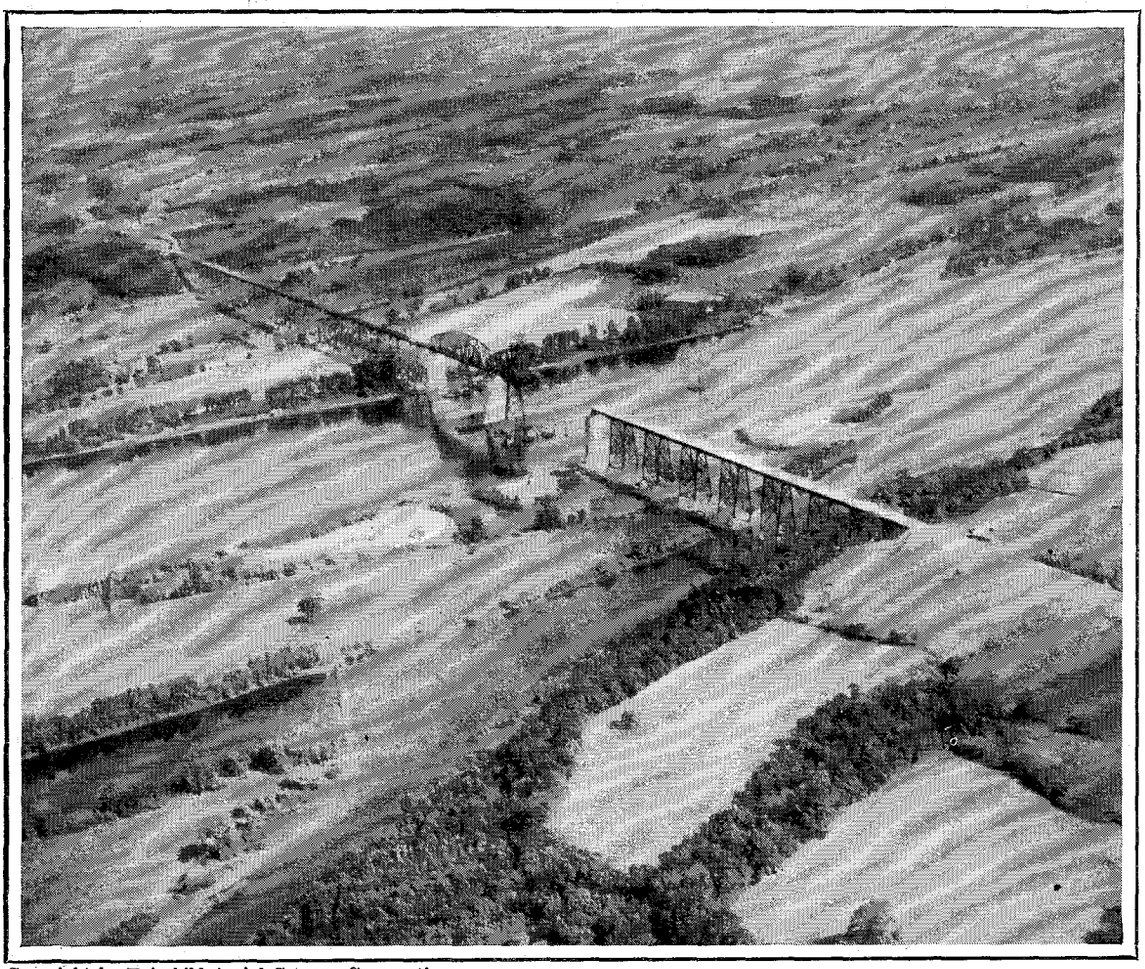

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**Airplane View of the Latest Bridge over the Hudson**

**This structure at Castleton, New York, twelve miles south of Albany, is designed to carry the freight traffic of the New York Central lines at the high level of 135 feet above the river. This view was made looking south and east. At the far end of the bridge in a straight line the tracks of the Boston and Albany Railroad run east. At that end of the bridge the tracks of the New York Central Railroad will swing sharply to the right and run south at an easy grade to Stuyvesant, ten miles down the river, where they will join the main line to New York. At the right in this picture the tracks are running westward into the new freight yards at Selkirk, which will be the largest in the country, thence westward in an almost direct line to join the four-track lines in the Mohawk Valley at Hoffmans. The white streak under the far end of the bridge is the present rail route to New York on the east shore of the Hudson used by the New York Central.**

if domestic questions are left as matters subject to compulsory arbitration, what might be the effect on the United States? Nations that would like to dispose of their surplus population by sending them to America—in the course of time this might be true of all the nations in the League—could attempt by means of this agreement to coerce America into an immigration policy satisfactory to them. Japan has done us a favor by being outspoken and frank.

In this whole discussion there has been much confusion of thought. Aggressive war, for example, has been confused with offensive warfare. It is not always easy to distinguish between a war fought for purposes of defense and a war fought for purposes of aggrandizement, for the methods of warfare in each case may be identical. Japan, for example, fought Russia in self-defense, but in hostilities she was the aggressor. Then, too, there is the confusion between the attempt to make war a crime and the attempt to prevent war. It is one thing to punish a crime when once committed; it is another thing to attempt to prevent a crime by injunction. We may be sure that there will be no really successful means of preventing wars of aggrandizement unless wars of aggrandizement when once undertaken are really punished. How difficult it is to deal with an outlaw nation our experience with Germany should teach us.

## The Castleton Cut-Off

THERE is nearing completion at Castleton on the Hudson the largest single railroad project in America, a $25,000,000 construction. Commonly referred to as the Castleton Cut-Off, it has a significance many times greater than the somewhat undignified name might imply. In arriving at an understanding of what that significance is the reader may forget railway construction engineering for the moment and think of the topography of New York State.

The Hudson River at Albany is practically at sea-level. The Mohawk River at Schenectady is 211 feet above sea-level. This is the only abrupt rise in the whole route from New York to Buffalo. The New York Central Railroad literally runs almost on a water-level route. This fact has its importance in the railway merger by which the Van Sweringen brothers recently gained control of a system of roads reaching from the Atlantic seaboard far into the interior.

Their competing line, the Erie, between Jersey City and Buffalo, rises to 1,379 feet between Deposit and Susquehanna and to 1,408 feet at Silver Spring. The only entrance to the interior of the United States through the Appalachian chain without climbing a mountain is the New York Central route through the Mohawk Valley.

This, then, is what the Castleton Cut-Off means—it overcomes the only objectionable grade on that route, the abrupt rise at West Albany.

This grade has always necessitated splitting trains into two, three, sometimes into four parts. It makes pusher engines necessary. It throws traffic into the "neck of the bottle" at Albany, where lines converge. Through that bottle neck 8,800 cars of freight are forced daily. Albany is approached from the east over two drawbridges, which are open eight or ten hours a day to let boats through.

By three engineering feats, the Castleton Cut-Off gets rid of all that congestion. Those feats are a connecting railroad from Stuyvesant to Feura Bush on the West Shore Railroad, twenty-eight

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miles; the mile-long steel and concrete bridge; freight terminals at Selkirk with immediate track room for 11,000 cars, and ultimately room for 20,000 cars.

With those tasks completed, as they will be before snow flies, westbound freight on the Boston and Albany will no longer dip into the Hudson Valley and cross the river at low level, but will continue on the high level across the new bridge. Freight from New York will follow the Hudson north to Stuyvesant, where by a slight grade the trains will begin to mount the high level of the bridge, on which they will proceed as do the trains from Boston.

That is the Castleton Cut-Off in operation. It will save only four and a half miles' distance, but it will avoid a 130-foot dip and climb into and out of the Hudson Valley. It will eliminate pusher engines and the splitting of trains. It will overcome congestion at Albany, the guardian of the gateway to the continent.

## Electric Treatment for England's Ills

ENGLAND is urged to do what the United States and other coal-producing countries have talked for some years of doing; burn its coal at the pit mouth. A report recently prepared on the subject by a committee under the guidance of Lloyd George recommended a nation-wide shift to the scheme of centralized combustion and transmission of power to the industries by electric current. Quite consciously, the report proposes a revolution comparable to that of a century ago from manual power to coal.

Coal, the report asserts, lifted the country out of the slough of debt and depression into which the Napoleonic wars had led it. By the still unreaped benefits of centralized coal consumption the country, it is argued, can be rescued from the after effects of the struggle of 1914–18. The effort expended in hauling coal to factories, in manning a multitude of small coal-burning plants, and in maintaining working populations in congested centers where living is difficult can be saved. The delay between mine and consumer, which costs heavily in interest, and likewise the loss of valuable coal by-products irreclaimable save by large-scale consumption, can be avoided.

The difference in production costs, in the belief of the advocates of the plan, would suffice to restore vigor to industries now struggling; would enable industrial England once more to strike its old gait. The inducement is a tremendous one to a nation relying chiefly on its output of manufactures for subsistence.

The industrial revolution of the nineteenth century raised the lamentations of men like Ruskin, Tennyson, and Morris. They apprehended that it must build up the slum and darken the sky and cheapen the individual man. Whether the electrical revolution now proposed will repair or aggravate the harm attributed to the adoption of coal is a question of no little social import. It is worth noting that the British advocates of electrified industry believe, just as do the proposers of like schemes here, that the change will render widespread social benefits.

Not only is it to make the world less grimy, but it is to reduce human congestion at great industrial centers. Since electric current can be delivered at any place and in any quantity, men will no longer have to do so much work in close proximity to great industrial power plants. They can be spread out where housing is less cramped, food nearer at hand, and a healthy, varied life more readily attained. If this belief is correct, a revolution establishing electricity as the general extension of coal may have even more social than economic significance.

## A Great Gift to a Great Cause

TWO of the most distinguished and distinctive American institutions are Hampton Institute and Tuskegee. Hampton Institute, the older and the parent school, has not only served the cause of Negro education well, but has also been an influential factor in developing all our American ideas of the purpose of education. Tuskegee has carried on the work of Hampton a stage further, for it has applied the principles of Hampton to a school officered and staffed by Negroes.

There will be wide rejoicing over the fact that the Rockefeller General Education Board has given $1,000,000 to the combined endowment fund of Hampton and Tuskegee on consideration that another million dollars be raised.

This generous and wisely bestowed gift has called forth from Dr. Robert R. Moton, the Principal of Tuskegee and the successor of Booker T. Washington, a most encouraging statement concerning the present status of Negro education. Dr. Moton says that the greatest advance in the history of Negro education has been made since 1919. He calls particular attention to the provision for public education in the Southern States:

> In North Carolina, for example, the amount raised by taxes alone and spent for Negro education increased from $250,000 in 1913 to $4,000,000 in 1923, while the value of school property rose from $500,000 to $5,000,000. Other Southern States are following North Carolina's lead.

Certainly the seed sowed by Hampton and Tuskegee has fallen on fertile ground.

## A College That Made History

IT appears, on first thought, hardly possible that an educational institution only one hundred years old could have been a pioneer in American education, but the record appears to run that way. Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, now attained to its one hundredth birthday, broke new ground as truly as did Harvard, now nearly three hundred years old.

By the time these pages are read Rensselaer will have celebrated, on October 3 and 4, the one hundredth anniversary of its founding. For those intimately connected with the institution the celebration serves as a reminder of many notable things accomplished through a century of service. For all of us it serves at least as a reminder of how new a thing is scientific education as we know it. Though practically every school of higher learning that makes any pretense of covering the educational field has to-day its department of science, Rensselaer was the first college of science not only in the United States but in the English-speaking world. Indeed, it appears to establish beyond question the right to be called the mother of scientific schools in America.

Rensselaer was the first institution to offer a course leading to a degree in science, the first to offer courses in agriculture, the first to confer a degree in engineering. Its graduates established in many colleges much older the departments of engineering, agriculture, botany, zoölogy, physics, chemistry, geology, mineralogy, astronomy, and the like. Old classical institutions such as Harvard, the newer ones such as Johns Hopkins, the State universities such as Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin, are equally indebted to Rensselaer. So, also, is Cornell, and, in a different field, Wellesley and Mount Holyoke, for Rensselaer was

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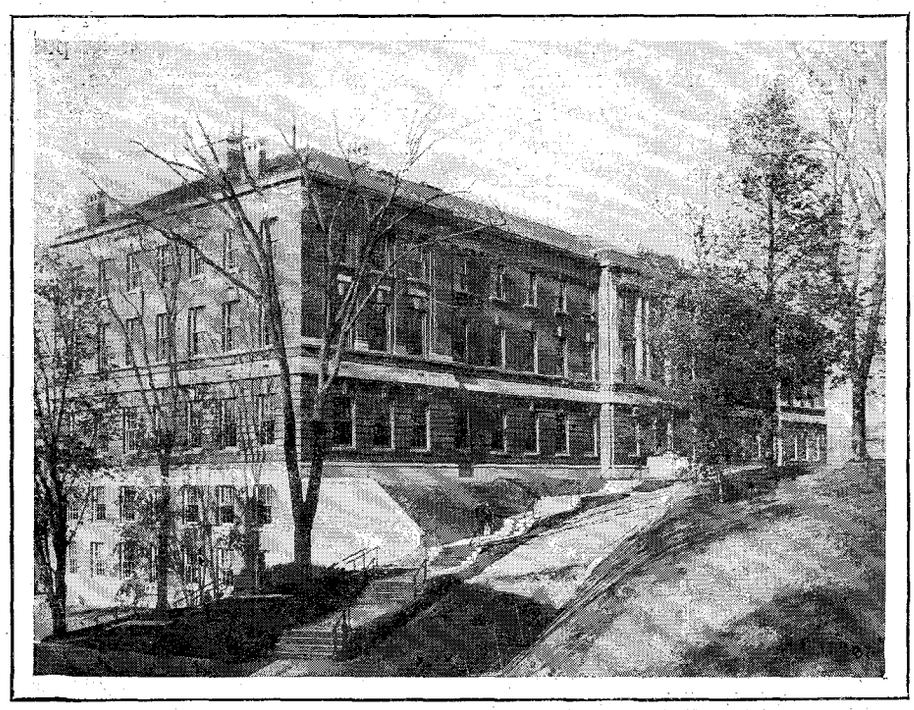


The Russell Sage Laboratory of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute

the first institution to advance through its faculty and graduates the education of women.

In the application of science to practical affairs the influence of Rensselaer has been no less profound than in the extension of scientific instruction to institutions. The records of Rensselaer show that its graduates were in charge of the construction of three-fourths of all the railroad mileage in the United States, and of most of the great bridges across the rivers of America. Rensselaer graduates directed the geological surveys of one-fifth of the States of the United States, though the larger part of that work has been done since scientific schools became numerous.

This last-mentioned achievement shows that, though Rensselaer cannot hope again to occupy the place of exclusive eminence in the scientific field that it held for so long, it continues to do more than its proportionate share of practical scientific work.

The centennial celebration brought together graduates who now hold important positions in the faculties of educational institutions and official stations in scientific societies in all parts of the world. One hundred and ninety-eight such institutions sent back Rensselaer graduates as delegates to the centennial celebration.

## Do the Classics Help?

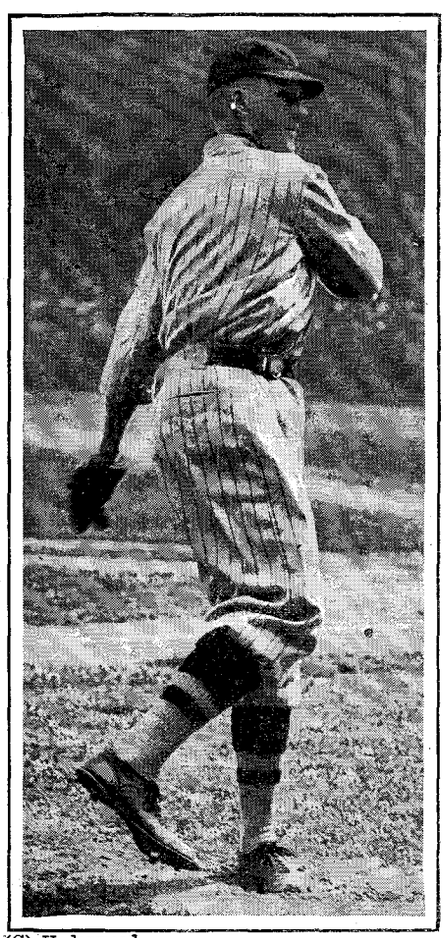
THE ever-recurrent debate as to the value of the classical education has been opened again by the publication of certain results of an inquiry into the study and teaching of the classics which has been conducted by the Classical League for some years. The President of the League, Dean West, of Princeton's Graduate School, admits that it will not do to push statistical conclusions too far, yet believes that there is evidence that, "aside from its direct and cultural values, Latin does something for those who study it which gives them in other fields of mental effort a margin of advantage that may fairly be called substantial."

One such proof comes from the laborious tabulation of college entrance examinations for ten successive years. From this it appears that not only did the candidates for college who had studied Greek and Latin in their preparatory work get relatively high marks in the college examinations in those branches, but that they had also higher marks in mathematics, physics, history, chemistry, and modern languages than did the candidates who had taken no classic work in the secondary schools. Their superiority was found to be a little over thirteen per cent. And analysis shows also that, the greater the amount of classical study in the secondary school, the higher the marks on the whole college examination.

Another report of the Classical League takes up specifically the study of Greek —the enrollment in the schools is "so small as to cause deep concern;" in the colleges there are only about 16,000 Greek students. The League's report deplores the fact that "Greek is usually left to take its forlorn chance in a scramble with easier studies of less intellectual power and of quick commercial use." There is no doubt that, far more than Latin, Greek opens to the mind of the student stores of literature, philosophy, and poetry that are highly stimulative to the imagination. One hopes that there will always be adequate and thorough training for those who wish to enter this field. That comparatively few prefer Greek to Latin in their choice is partly due to the fact that Latin is held to be more directly valuable for drill and analysis in the structure and elasticity of all language, and of English in particular.

A referendum to high school seniors asking why they took Latin brought out the fact that the majority did so simply and solely because they "had to have it" to get into college, while a fifth of the replies alleged parental pressure as the cause.

Such elaborate analysis of examinations as the Classical League is carrying on are not altogether conclusive, because there are elements in the question which cannot be put into figures—the relative



(C) Underwood

Walter Johnson, pitcher of the Washington team, which has won the American League pennant

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ease of the different courses, for instance. Yet it is interesting to note the inference drawn, that "the formal disciplinarians of other days, even when wrong in their premises, were right in many of their conclusions as to the disciplinary values of Latin (and Greek) and as to the extent to which these values may help in the study of other subjects."

## Washington Exults!

According to the newspaper headlines, the National capital went mad with joy last week when the Senators, Washington's American League baseball team, won the pennant of the League, and thereby became the rival of the New York Giants, of the National League, for the world's championship.

These accounts represent politics as for once being almost ignored. We are told that crowds stood in the pouring rain to learn the result of the game; Congressmen and newsboys rejoiced together; the President's secretary sent a telegram of congratulation to the manager of the victorious team; and every one expressed pleasure that Walter Johnson, the famous pitcher of the Senators, would at last have his first chance to pitch in a world's championship game.

Some one, apropos of the rather stale parody to the effect that Washington has always been "first in war, first in peace, and last in baseball," has gone into the earliest archives of baseball and has found that in point of fact the Washington club known as the Nationals in 1867 was (long before the major leagues were thought of) a champion club, and that it won something like fifty games in its travels over the United States. The statement is added that this old-time Washington team "averaged forty-eight runs per game"—which in its way was a record of a sort!

The baseball season of 1924 has certainly been continuous in its interest because of the closeness of leading teams in both leagues and the chance down to the very end that in the National League either the New York Giants, the Pittsburgh Pirates, or the Brooklyn Robins might win, while in the American League the fight between the Washington Senators and the New York Yankees has been at least equally close.

A good many baseball fans who are not terribly fierce in their local baseball fervor have shown pleasure rather than sorrow at the fact that the World's Series this year will not be between two New York teams. Those who feel that professional baseball has become too much a question of winning by sheer expenditure of very large sums will also like the situation. After all, skill, judgment, and training as well as money are important elements. This is illustrated this year by the fact that when the so-called "million-dollar infield" of the Giants "cracked," largely because of accidents, the reconstituted infield and the whole team pitched in and won more steadily than the Giants had before the break.

The feeling of pleasure at Walter Johnson's success is universal. He is not only the fastest pitcher in the world and an all-round good player with a long record for continuous fine work, but his repute for fairness and personal conduct and character is excellent. Technically, however, probably the highest credit for the success of the Washington team is due to its youthful manager, who also plays second base, Mr. Stanley Harris. He is still called a "boy wonder," although he began to play in the major league team eight years ago. He is, in fact, the youngest manager (his age is twenty-nine) ever to win a big league pennant.

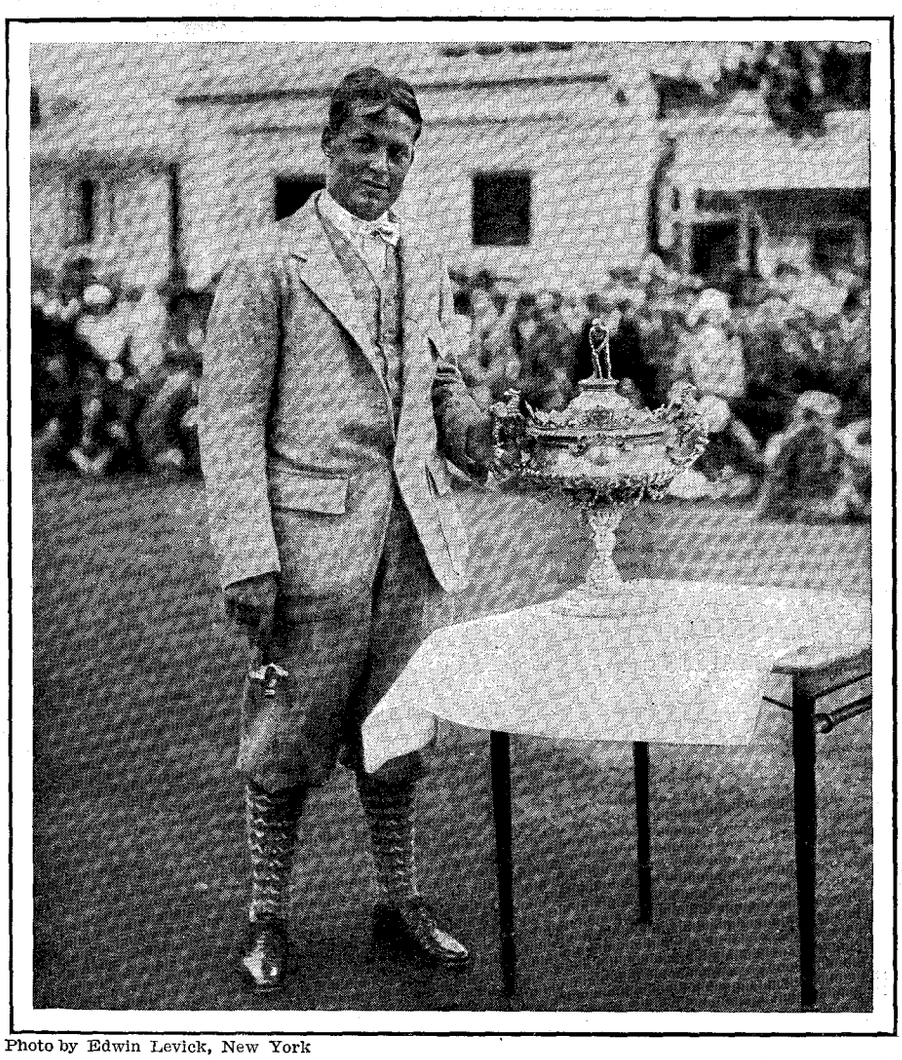

Photo by Edwin Levick, New York

**Mr. Robert Jones smiling over the acquisition of his new trophy. The design of this cup, as of many others, leads one to wish that some national fine arts commission could take the selection of championship awards under its paternal wing**

## The Boy Grew Up

A bedtime story for would-be golfers might begin like this:

Once upon a time there was a young golfer who played the game very well. He wanted to grow up and be a champion. He wanted to be a champion so much that when he made a bad play he sometimes threw away his club and grew very angry. That is why, dear little golfers, he had a hard time attaining his ambition. By and by he learned how foolish it was to lose your temper, even when you have a very bad lie or when you pull a shot into the rough. When he had learned this very simple lesson, my dear young golfers, he won the open championship and the amateur championship of the United States, and every-

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body said to him, "What a wonderful player you are and what a credit you are to the game!"

What connection this bedtime story has with the fact that Robert Jones, last year open champion of the United States, has now won the amateur golf championship we leave our readers to decide.

## Shall America Lapse Into European Class Government?

ON Fort Putnam at West Point there is a tablet commemorating the fact that that mass of masonry and earthwork on the soil of New York was erected by a regiment from Massachusetts. On these heights above the Hudson River commanding a view unsurpassed for noble beauty there thus stands a reminder of the fact that long before there was a United States of America there was a united American people. Von Holst, the German author of the "Constitutional and Political History of the United States," has made it very clear that the structure of the Nation rests upon the American people's unity. The Revolution was conducted not by peoples but by a people. As von Holst says, "the transformation of the Colonies into 'single States' " was accomplished "in the name of the whole people."

This fundamental fact of American Constitutional history, symbolized by that fort in the Highlands of the Hudson, is expressed explicitly in the Preamble to the Constitution:

> We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

While the Republic was still young, the unity of the American people was attacked by a coalition of political theorists and designing politicians in the alleged interest of the several States; that attack was destined to culminate in civil war.

To-day that unity of the American people is subjected to a new attack by a new coalition between designing politicians and political theorists. This time the attack is made in the alleged interest of several classes. If this attack is sustained and meets with any success, it may culminate in a disaster even greater than the war of 1861; for, in comparison with sectional warfare, class warfare when it becomes violent is barbarous, brutal, horrifying.

It was because the American people were a united people, not divided into recognized and permanent classes, that in its birth the Republic of the United States escaped the terror that accompanied the birth of the French Republic. It was the division of the people of France into classes—nobles, superior clergy, minor clergy, *bourgeois*, peasants, artisans, and the like—that made it impossible for France to escape the horrors of wholesale assassination, which, as Gouverneur Morris foresaw at the time, would bring the nation under the "yoke of a single despot." Among the evils which American democracy has so far happily escaped are the evils brought about by this very division into classes which has cursed the democracy of Europe. Here there are no classes, for the occupation and status of a man may not only vary from the occupation and status of his father and of his son, but may change with the year or the season or the very day or hour. A man in America may easily be a landowner, an artisan, a farmer, a clergyman, a shopkeeper, in succession. There can be no permanent class interests unless there are permanent and fixed and predetermined classes.

It is largely because America has created this classless democracy that people by millions have fled from class-ridden Europe to these shores.

And now, incredible as it may seem, there is a party—for such Senator La Follette's collection of particular groups has temporarily if unofficially become—that is preaching the division of the people into classes and countenancing class warfare. The Socialist Party, which is the one Nationally organized political party among the La Follette groups, is avowedly organized for the conduct of class warfare according to the European model. Among the political theorists supporting Mr. La Follette there are others besides the avowed Socialists who welcome this effort to turn back American democracy into a state like that prevailing in Europe, and speak rather contemptuously of the American achievement in escaping hard and fast class divisions. Thus (we quote from an editorial in the "New Republic"): "The Progressive cause of 1912 was . . . at its best a genuine attempt to apply the traditional American politico-social ideal to contemporary needs. . . . The Progressive party of 1924 is not composed primarily of voters . . . who are prompted to a progressive outlook by the desire to improve the opportunities and the lives of other people. . . . They [the agrarian and working classes] are starting on a career of self and class improvement, partly through political and partly through economic agencies. . . . The enlightened, disinterested, and classless public opinion upon which the Roosevelt Progressives counted simply does not exist to the extent which the success of a progressive program demands." The purpose thus declared by this journal of political theory is also manifested by the course of Mr. La Follette and his political lieutenants. They are appealing directly to groups as classes—even including among these classes as a group with a permanent interest distinct from the rest of the people a society of German-Americans. Those who believe it desirable that the people be divided into classes tending to become permanent and crystallizing, so that the individual will be confined to his own class and the son will remain in the class to which his father belongs, will see no peril in this effort to destroy by contemptuous innuendo as well as by open attack the unity of the American people upon which the Constitution rests. But those who prize the unity of the American people and believe that the Government exists, not for the promotion of one class at the expense of another, but for the "common defense" and the "general welfare," will put all the force at their command into the effort to repel at the polls the invasion of America by this distinctively European idea.

## Librarians and Soft-Shell Crabs

AN editorial writer for the New York "Times" expresses surprise and grief to hear that the chairman of the Circulation Committee of the New York Public Library has reported on the shelves of the various branches of that institution 200,000 books in such a condition that they should not be given out. Not only are the pages torn and the bindings broken, but, from too much

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use, they have become filthy and disgusting.

The writer of the article in the "Times," with that air of detachment which sits easily upon all of us in discussing the other man's job, finds "no possible excuse" for the condition of the books. He thinks that such deterioration is often gradual, but that there must have been conspicuous instances when the damage might have been noticed and a fine assessed.

No doubt there were such instances and no doubt penalties were imposed. There was not much doubt, for example, in another library when an adult reader returned a book which obviously had just been dropped in a mud-puddle. The only person unable to observe anything wrong was the borrower himself, who denounced the course which the librarians took as a piece of fussiness, and another proof that public institutions are governed by red tape. For the most part, however, it is as difficult to discover the exact moment when the damage has gone beyond fair wear and tear as it would be for the mother of a large family of children to say exactly when the process of destruction to which her sons' clothes are subject has been unreasonable.

Probably the writer of the article had slight familiarity with conditions in free circulating libraries in the crowded sections of large American cities. When books are lent annually, not by the thousands merely, nor by tens of thousands, but by the millions; when children and their parents swarm about the desks and when the library assistant has to be not only the "teacher," as she is called, but the guide to manners and conduct, the cause for astonishment is, not that books lent eighty or a hundred times to little East Siders become filthy, but that there are any books left at all.

We remember looking in amazement and admiration at the well-arranged shelves in the Public Library of Nantucket. Such perfectly ordered rows of books in such immaculate condition are rarely seen even in a private library. There was no reason for believing that the Nantucketers did not read their books, but a Sherlockian might deduce the supposition that they kept on new white-kid gloves while they were doing it. Possibly Louisa Alcott, whose ambition was to have her books the most dog's-eared in the library, would have seen with comparative calm the soiled and tattered rows in the public libraries of the metropolis.

Children are not always the worst offenders in the treatment of public library books, nor are educated persons always aware that their annotations and marks are not desirable upon the leaves. A distinguished-looking man, who covered the margins of scores of pages of a library book with his comments in pencil, was seriously grieved when informed by the librarian that his decorations were unwelcome. The volume he had chosen was John Locke on "Human Understanding," and he really believed that he had added to the value of the work. The volume was one in an expensive set of books, and could not have been replaced by itself. In a library conducted with severity he might have paid heavily for his labors, but in this instance he got off easily by paying for the time it took a skillful person with a good eraser to remove the annotations. Of course the only feeling of the offender was a deep sense of outrage that his learned exercises should perish.

A group of librarians, many of them from manufacturing cities, were once discussing the assorted articles which are returned with library books, sometimes having been used as book-marks. Such commonplace and harmless objects as gloves, handkerchiefs, love letters, and medicine bottles were too frequent to attract interest. Next come somewhat more deleterious substances like banana skins, cookies, and sandwiches. One librarian related the instance of a reproof administered to the mother of a family for the very buttery condition of a book returned by her, and the defense which she made. The librarian's complaint was preposterous, she said, and she evidently experienced real sorrow as she said it. They always took the greatest care of the library books at her house, and, to keep them from the destructive fingers of the baby, invariably kept the books in the ice-box. As two or three librarians instantly claimed this anecdote as having occurred in his or her own library, the housewife's custom is apparently general. In the matter of odd book-marks between the pages of a returned volume, one librarian claimed the blue ribbon by citing a slice of raw bacon, which one of his assistants had salvaged from a copy of Mr. Service's poems. But his claim was instantly given second place when the chief of a famous library in a great manufacturing city countered with a soft-shell crab, which turned up between the leaves of a book on engineering.

# Congress Should Not Be a Court

WE have already shown that the reasoning upon which Mr. La Follette bases his demand that an amendment should be introduced giving Congress power to decide upon the constitutionality of its own acts is erroneous in that it is not a fact that the Constitution vests all legislative power in Congress, and, moreover, that the tendency of the La Follette proposal is not progressive but reactionary.

It remains to point out that he is arguing from false premises in assuming that the Supreme Court decisions declaring acts of Congress unconstitutional are often the opinion of one man because of a 5-to-4 division. In fact, that is a rare thing. A correspondent sends us a complete summary of all such decisions, and sums up the matter in the comment, "All the clamor about 5-to-4 decisions arises out of seven cases decided in 135 years!" Of the entire number of decisions declaring acts of Congress invalid (48 in all) 19 were unanimous, 7 were made with only one dissenting vote, 10 with two, 5 with three. Just half of these 48 decisions were made prior to the Civil War. Five of the seven 5-to-4 decisions, it is true, have been made in this century, but surely that is a small basis from which to make a large deduction. Of course there have been a large number of cases in which the acts of Congress have been upheld.

Wherever any decision is made by more than one man a majority must govern, and there is always a possibility of a narrow-margin decision. If the power were given to Congress to judge its own acts, the majority (or two-thirds, if the amendment so ordered) would decide, and a change of one vote might change the decision. Unanimity in legal decisions is a chimera.

As Mr. Frederick points out on another page, the proposal is very different from that which would submit the meaning of a State's constitution to a popular referendum after a court decision had been challenged as not representing the will of the whole people, who made that constitution. Obviously that would be a cumbrous way to interpret the Federal Constitution. It is not at all what is now advocated.

Congress may properly extend its field of action by amendment. But it must not be allowed to change its function by being turned into a judicial as well as a

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legislative body. Mr. La Follette's proposal to submit to the people an amendment to that effect will not arouse enthusiasm among thinking voters.

# Heredity in Politics

## By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

OF course heredity was one of the pronounced factors in the Republican nomination of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, the younger, for the office of Governor of the State of New York. Like his illustrious father, the present Theodore served creditably in the New York Legislature, achieved an honorable reputation for efficiency and bravery in war, and, if elected, will graduate, as his father did, from the Assistant-Secretaryship of the Navy into the Governorship.

This interesting parallel calls to mind some other notable instances of heredity in the statesmanship of the English-speaking peoples. Of course hereditary monarchy and hereditary nobility are as old and as widespread as civilization. The inheritance of political leadership, however, is a result, not of custom and laws, but of nature. There have been two outstanding instances of such inheritance in English history—one persisting through many generations, the other appearing in only two.

Lord Salisbury, whose family name was Cecil, became Prime Minister of England in the reign of Queen Victoria. Three hundred years earlier his direct paternal ancestor, William Cecil, had been Chief Minister of Queen Elizabeth, and William Cecil's son, the first Lord Salisbury, had been Chief Minister of James I. Prime Minister Salisbury's grandfather was Lord Chamberlain to George III, and his father was a member of Prime Minister Derby's Cabinet. Thus England had a Robert Cecil as governing Minister in the sixteenth century and a Robert Cecil of the same family line as governing Minister in the nineteenth century. It is true that the Cecils were helped on their long political journey by inherited wealth and patents of nobility, but if they had not also possessed an inherited genius for politics they would in three hundred years have passed into obscurity, as so many other ennobled English families have done.

The second striking instance of English political heredity is found in a family of English commoners—the Pitts. "The family of Pitt," says a contemporary English historian, "is undoubtedly the most distinguished in the political annals of England. Modest in origin and little aided by wealth or connection, it gave the country two Prime Ministers of its own name. . . . For two generations it dominated the fortunes of England. It doubled the House of Lords and controlled half the House of Commons. Its policy acquired much of the British Empire and withstood the assaults of her fiercest foes. It initiated parliamentary reform, religious toleration, and modern finance."

William Pitt the elder inherited from his grandfather, an East Indian nabob, some wealth and a great deal of gout. He became Prime Minister when England was struggling with France for supremacy in North America, and so he is associated with some of the great crises in our own history. George Washington as a young officer of twenty-six years served in Pitt's army, which fought the French and Indians in the wilderness of the Ohio; and Pittsburgh, the site of which was visited and commended by Washington as an officer of British troops, bears the great Prime Minister's name. The elder Pitt was an opponent of Lord North and an advocate of justice and liberty for the American colonies. "If," he once said, "I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country I would never lay down my arms—never! never! never!"

Doubtless the younger Pitt was elected to Parliament because he was the son of his father, but, once in the House of Commons, his native talents were so manifest that his rise was rapid and he became Prime Minister—that is to say, the virtual ruler of the British Empire—at twenty-four, an unprecedented achievement. He died at forty-six, by some historians called the greatest of England's Premiers. In comparing him with his father, Edmund Burke said that he was not a chip of the old block, but the old block itself.

But England has not a monopoly of political phenomena like those appearing in the lives of the Cecils and the Pitts. The United States has produced at least two families in which political heredity has been a pronounced characteristic. The singular history of the Adams family is a familiar one, but the Harrisons are sometimes forgotten, although they deserve to be remembered. Benjamin Harrison, a Virginian aristocrat, whose ancestors, says Senator Beveridge in his Life of Marshall, "had been Virginians even before the infant colony had a House of Burgesses," who dressed elegantly in blue and buff, tied his white hair fashionably in a long queue with a black-silk ribbon, and wore knee-breeches and high boots, was a member of the Continental Congress and was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. In the Continental Congress his executive work as President of the Revolutionary War Board was meritorious. When Virginia became a State, he was chosen one of its first Governors. Altogether he was a distinguished figure in the Revolutionary period. His son, William Henry, was an accomplished soldier, Territorial Governor, United States Senator, Foreign Minister, and was finally elected ninth President of the United States. Benjamin Harrison the second, great-grandson of the Virginian patriot, grandson of President William Harrison, and son of a very respectable Congressman of the Whig Party, became a general in the Civil War, was cited for signal bravery, at forty-seven years of age was sent to the United States Senate, and in 1888 was elected twenty-third President of the United States. His dignity and undoubted ability in international law and relationships were very likely greater than his popularity, but he certainly did not tarnish the family name to which a reasonable luster had been given by his grandfather and great-grandfather. Thus in the Harrison family there is a record of political service in four generations.

It is hardly necessary in pursuing my theme to speak in detail of the Adams family, whose members in the domains of politics and the history and literature of politics have to their credit achievements unequaled by any other family in any other country or any other epoch. For continuity and effectiveness of political influence they are not outranked even by the Claudian family of Rome. John Adams, Revolutionary patriot, Ambassador, President, and man of letters; his son, John Quincy Adams, Ambassador, Senator, Secretary of State, President, Congressman, and man of letters: his son, Charles Francis Adams, the incomparable Civil War Minister to England

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and man of letters; and his four sons—Charles Francis, a publicist and man of letters; John Quincy, a lawyer and legislator who was offered and declined a seat in President Cleveland's Cabinet; Henry, a Legation secretary and a political historian and essayist; and Brooks, an unusually gifted writer on topics of sociology and political economy:—such is the merest outline of the intellectual inheritances of this remarkable family. The list sounds like one of the "begat" genealogies of the Old Testament!

Biologists can trace the perpetuation of physical characteristics through heredity. It seems to be true that there is a biological law in the intellectual life by which a family strain is handed down from father to son, especially in the field of political thought and action.

# Baiting a Marine

## Special Correspondence from Philadelphia

DEVIL-DOG Butler, at present of Philadelphia, he who has been putting the fear of the Lord into evil-doers thereabouts, took an envelope from his desk, opened it, and drew forth an ordinary half-page of newspaper. On this was written boldly, in heavy black crayon:

YOU ARE FIRED
The Mayor

General Butler's strained expression relaxed. There was a roar of laughter, joined in by the burly Superintendent of Police. "Interesting," said the latter, "but hardly official."

And the pity of it is that behind that anonymous joke there was an impending tragedy—the wreck of one of the most successful campaigns against crime and vice any American city has known for many a long year.

It is an amazing situation. Mayor Kendrick, it seems, has been on the point of dismissing his notable Director of Public Safety, and yet it was this same Mayor who obtained the General for Philadelphia in the first place, and then backed him to the limit, to the horror of the political machine that had supported Kendrick for Mayor. And there is no doubt that both men are bitterly chagrined and wonder how on earth they ever got to such swords' points. Make no mistake. The Machine is not forcing the Mayor to dismiss the General, though it would like to do so. It is really a conflict of personalities, though there is little doubt that the Machine has made the most of it. In fact, one would think the Mayor and the Marine had become marionettes, moved by a malign demon, the part of the demon being played by the self-same Machine.

There were reasons why the Machine wanted to "get" Butler. First of all, he was entirely too successful in his war on offenders against the prohibition laws. They did not mind so much his driving brigandage out of the city. Imagine it, if you please. For four or five months there has been no large hold-up. Butler has made it uncomfortably hot for all kinds of thieves and very expensive for liquor-sellers. Though this last aroused

(C) Underwood
**General Smedley D. Butler**

the ire of many minor politicians, some of the better ones thought well of it. It gave them a better standing to have their wards cleaned up.

And the Machine was not angry when Butler reorganized the police force, from spirit to uniforms—and these latter are very *chic*, if you get what we mean, even to the use of Sam Brownes, of large holsters at side, and of obviously well-filled cartridge belts. And the mounted police look like cavalrymen. "And that's exactly what they are!" exclaimed Superintendent of Police Mills.

Of course a police force is not a Marine regiment. You cannot duplicate army discipline, because conditions are different. But the General went as near to Marine standard as he could, rigorously dismissing the unfit and just as rigorously promoting the able. The rank and file may not love the General, but they respect and admire him, and that means something. As for Philadelphians in general, they swear by the General and declare he has done just what he was brought to do. As this seems to be true, other matters should not be permitted to become significant.

With law and order on the road to effective establishment, the General, warmly supported by the Mayor, reduced the number of police precincts by about a half. These precincts had been identical with the city wards, giving the ward politicians a strong grip on the police organizations in their bailiwicks. But the new arrangement effectively broke this grip, for now a police precinct might contain parts of several wards, and no one ward boss could exert much influence on any particular police lieutenant. This was the last straw. Threats against the General now became more open, despite the popular indignation they aroused. But there was only one way to "get" the General, and that was by breaking down the friendship and co-operation existing between him and the Mayor.

This has been accomplished. Certain people saw to it that every possible small difference between the two was magnified a hundred times, and the press—which should have known better—made stories of these half trumped-up differences. Every kind of expedient was used to egg on one against the other, to try the other's patience and temper, and to breed suspicion and resentment. And to make matters worse, by temperament the General is too outspoken and the Mayor needs a little more of the saving sense of humor. So co-operation came to an end.

And so it came about that the General began to talk about their having to "fire" him, because he would never resign, and the Mayor to remark that as he had nerve enough to bring the General to Philadelphia, he also had nerve enough to get rid of him if necessary. Truly a lamentable state of affairs! And what a fiasco—when one considers how gallantly the two started their campaign and when one remembers the brilliant accomplishment to date!

At this writing the General is ill, and a letter the Mayor has prepared for the General has not yet been delivered. Perhaps it may never be, or it may be changed a great deal. Both, you see, have a breathing space in which to think it all over. For there is much to be said for both sides. And, after all, it is no

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matter of merely local interest. It is one that has the attention of every American city having the same problems as has Philadelphia. It is worth knowing if an honest and efficient police can end the era of crime that is such a disgrace to the Nation at present.

There is no doubt as to the feelings of the people of Philadelphia. On the evening of September 29 there was held a crowded mass-meeting—crowded despite a driving rain. The object of the meeting was to express public confidence in General Butler and appreciation of his work. And there was a good word for the Mayor too. Said the Chairman, William A. Glasgow, of the Law Enforcement League, "The Mayor was fearless and big in getting Butler. Now let him be fearless and big in retaining him."

This great meeting decided that there was something at stake transcending personal feelings. "Let General Butler and the Mayor compose their differences," they said; "the important matter is the welfare of Philadelphia."

This is the matter in a nutshell. A breathing space has been provided, giving both of these earnest, forceful men time to think it all over and to realize that their personal feelings, after all, mean little when the end in view is considered. A little mutual appreciation and a little good humor, and we can have a stronger alliance than before.

C. K. T.

# Senator La Follette and the Courts

## By KARL T. FREDERICK

### A clear-cut analysis of the revolutionary change that would inevitably follow the adoption of the proposal of the Senator from Wisconsin

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE, speaking at Madison Square Garden in New York City on September 18, devoted a considerable part of his address to a discussion of what he deems to be a serious evil in the Federal judicial system and to a remedy proposed by the platform upon which he is campaigning for the Presidency. The plank referred to reads: "We favor submitting to the people for their considerate judgment a Constitutional amendment providing that Congress may, by re-enacting a measure, make it effective over judicial veto." His remarks made it quite clear, not only that he desires the amendment to be submitted, but also that he advocates its adoption. The purpose of this article is to inquire into the significance of this proposal. Such an inquiry should in fairness precede its acceptance or rejection.

### *The Power La Follette Would Destroy*

THE exercise of judicial power which is the object of the suggested limitation is solely that extraordinary one by which the courts treat as null and void a legislative enactment determined by them to be "unconstitutional." The Senator impliedly disclaims any intent by this amendment to interfere with or modify the ordinary power of the courts. His apparent object is to provide a speedy method by which a decision holding a statute to be unconstitutional may be effectively reversed. His criticisms were directed solely at Constitutional decisions of the Supreme Court, and, quite naturally, he chose as the particular objects of his attack, and as arguments for his proposal, those in which the Court was itself divided in opinion.

The Senator may be pardoned for stating his criticisms in a somewhat violently partisan manner. We are quite accustomed to campaigns of adjectives, and it may possibly be true, as candidates for office appear generally to believe, that votes are more easily to be won or lost by an effective use of superlatives or by tagging men or issues with popular or unpopular epithets than by an appeal to reason. They love to settle an issue by branding an opponent as "reactionary" or "demagogic," claiming at the same time the special virtues of the "liberal" or high-minded "progressive." Nevertheless we may be permitted at least a mental reservation before we accept Senator La Follette's statement that "The opinion of Mr. Justice Holmes in that case [involving the Child Labor Law], in which Justices McKenna, Brandeis, and Clarke concurred, demonstrates *beyond the possibility of a doubt* that the law was *plainly* Constitutional." We may be permitted to recall that in the opinion of five learned members of the Court there was not only a doubt of its constitutionality, but a conviction of its unconstitutionality. We are not, however, disposed to criticise the Senator for stating his case in the strongest possible language.

While, as we said, the argument was directed at decisions under the Federal Constitution, it is worthy of note that if the amendment is desirable in respect to the Federal Constitution, it is equally desirable with respect to the Constitutions of each of the forty-eight States. We may therefore assume that Senator La Follette would approve a proposal to amend the Constitution of Wisconsin as well as the Constitutions of her sister States so that any decision of the highest court of any State holding any particular act to be beyond the power of the Legislature, and therefore unconstitutional, might be nullified by the repassage of the act by that Legislature. Is it desirable that Congress, is it desirable that the Legislatures of the several States, should be the final and supreme judges of their powers under their respective Constitutions?

### *An Old Complaint*

THE criticism of judicial decisions is not new. It is as old as the courts themselves. Human nature is fairly constant in its manifestations, and society has tolerantly permitted the disappointed litigant to "cuss the court" in private. The desire that judges should be "responsive to the will of the people" has been voiced in many ways and at many times. Without the sugar coating of a high-sounding phrase, is this more than the wish that judges, in deciding the rights of the particular parties to the litigation, should do so with eyes cocked on the weather-vane of popular approval? Proposals for the recall of judges by popular vote have been earnestly made. They have, however, met with little serious support. Twelve years ago Colonel Roosevelt proposed in cases involving constitutionality the "Recall of Judicial Decisions" by vote of the people. His suggestion, however, was fundamentally different from the present one. (See "Atlantic Monthly," July, 1912, page 46.)

It has remained for Senator La Follette to propose that the representatives of the people should themselves be made the supreme and final judges of their power. His argument is that this is necessary in order to accomplish desirable and progressive legislation. That

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without this Congress frequently finds itself powerless to do what it wants to do in that direction.

Let us examine the proposition. In the first place, we may remark that the proposal necessarily introduces a new method of amending the Constitution. It does not avow any such purpose, but it accomplishes it nevertheless. Results whether in chemistry or society are not limited to avowed intentions. Cause produces result by an inevitable law of nature. Whether we enlarge a provision of the Constitution by express amendment or by the more subtle and insidious method of "interpretation" is not material. Suppose, for example, that there were no Eighteenth Amendment, but that Congress nevertheless enacted a "Volstead Law." We may presume that the Supreme Court would declare it "unconstitutional" because it transcended the power of Congress as a regulation involving an exercise of police power which was expressly reserved to the States. Congress nevertheless repasses the act, and thereby makes it "Constitutional." Would that not be a very effectual amendment of the Constitution?

Suppose again that without the Seventeenth Amendment Congress were to pass a law providing for the election of Senators by direct vote. Would not repassage of this law after a judicial "veto" make it Constitutional and amount to an amendment of the Constitution?

Suppose Congress, after Senator La Follette's proposal has been adopted, were to pass a law providing for the election of the President by direct vote of the people. Would not the repassage of this act after a judicial "veto" make it the law of the land?

The Senator, to be sure, seems to believe that Congress would be very conservative in exercising this new-found power. To his mind, it would be used only in the case of the "five-to-four" decisions of the Supreme Court of which he disapproves. The question, however, is not as to the restraint which might be shown by Congress in exercising the power, but rather as to the extent of the power itself. We may very well believe that the Senator would like to see it exercised to the extent of adopting all of the Federal amendments which he advocates.

And where would it end? Imagination easily envisages Federal divorce laws, Federal murder laws, Federal real estate tax laws, Federal building codes, until presently every power is Federal, because Congress, in its infinite wisdom, wishes to exercise it for the benefit of a long-suffering "people."

Once this proposal is adopted, all that Senator La Follette or any other man will have to do to accomplish what is to him the "great reform" is to persuade Congress that the particular act is desirable. No longer will he have the task of persuading the people that the principle is sound. We may very well consider what will become of the States in the process.

## *The Surrender of the People to Congress*

THE fact that this proposal inevitably introduces a new method of amending the Constitution leads to something much more fundamental. The proposal transfers sovereignty from the people to Congress.

One need do no more than mention sovereignty to show its overwhelming importance. Where lies the sovereign power? In England it is now deemed to reside in Parliament, for the very good reason that Parliament is supreme. Its word on all matters is law. True, the people elect its members, but they cannot, in the extreme case, control them, except by revolution. Parliament is limited by no written constitution. The Constitution of England is a bundle of precedents adhered to solely by the self-restraint of Parliament. Parliament may extend its own existence as long as it dares. It has done so more than once. It can pass any law that it sees fit, and no court can say it acted beyond its power or "unconstitutionally." It can confiscate the private fortune of any citizen. It is, in law, supreme. It has no superior except force by revolution.

In our own country sovereignty is said to reside in the people. They established the Constitution, and under it they delegate power to Congress and the other branches of the Government. But Congress is not the sovereign, it is not supreme, it is limited in power by the Constitution. Senator La Follette recognizes this fact—indeed, he loudly proclaims it: "Jefferson laid down the principle that the people are sovereign over their governments. That declaration stands as an everlasting challenge which we invoke in our day against those who have set privileged interests above the political and economic rights of the people." Again he quotes his platform: "Over and above constitutions and statutes, and greater than all, is the supreme sovereignty of the people, and with them should rest the final decision of all the great questions of National policy."

In the face of these declarations he proposes—not, as Roosevelt did, to let the *people* amend the Constitution by recalling or overruling a Constitutional decision of the Supreme Court—but rather to let *Congress* effect the amendment without any submission of the question to the people. Is it likely that the present cumbersome method of Constitutional amendment would ever be resorted to if his summary method were adopted? And if it were, could not Congress amend the amendment at any time? The supreme power, the actual power, would lie in Congress, freed forever, barring revolution, from effective Constitutional restraint. Sovereignty is not a formula, it is a fact. Sovereignty passed to the House of Commons as a fact in England because of the control which that body was able to exercise over taxation. Sovereignty will pass from the people to Congress as a fact if Congress be given the power to amend the Constitution as and when it will. Senator La Follette's proposal inevitably gives it that power. The most that he can say is that Congress is likely to use the power with moderation, is not likely in practice to go farther than it thinks the people will approve. But again we remark that it is not a question of moderation in the use of power, but of the possession of the power itself.

The fires of political passion burn very fiercely at times. What will restrain those flames when power lies at the hand of the dominant party? Do the people desire to elect a Congress the only limit to whose power is its self-restraint? Do the people desire to choose representatives who may as a matter of right decide for themselves the limits of their powers? Do the people desire to surrender their sovereignty into the hands of this small body? Many people believe that Congress not infrequently fails to interpret and give effect to the true desires of the people. Is it more likely to be truly representative if it has unlimited power?

And given this unlimited power, what becomes of our written Constitutions? Will they not become, like Magna Charta, merely extremely interesting historical documents, sources from which to trace our social evolution?

The power to change the Constitution from time to time to suit its will is the very essence of sovereignty. Once possessed by Congress, the sovereignty of the people passes, to be survived and limited only by the "divine right of revolution."

These are the qualities inherent in the Senator's proposal. They are its logical and necessary attributes. Neither denials nor the most laudable and public-spirited motives in the world can change the fact. If they are the ends which the Senator desires, then let him continue to advocate this proposal. If not, then he must turn his back upon it and seek other remedy for the evil which he deplores.

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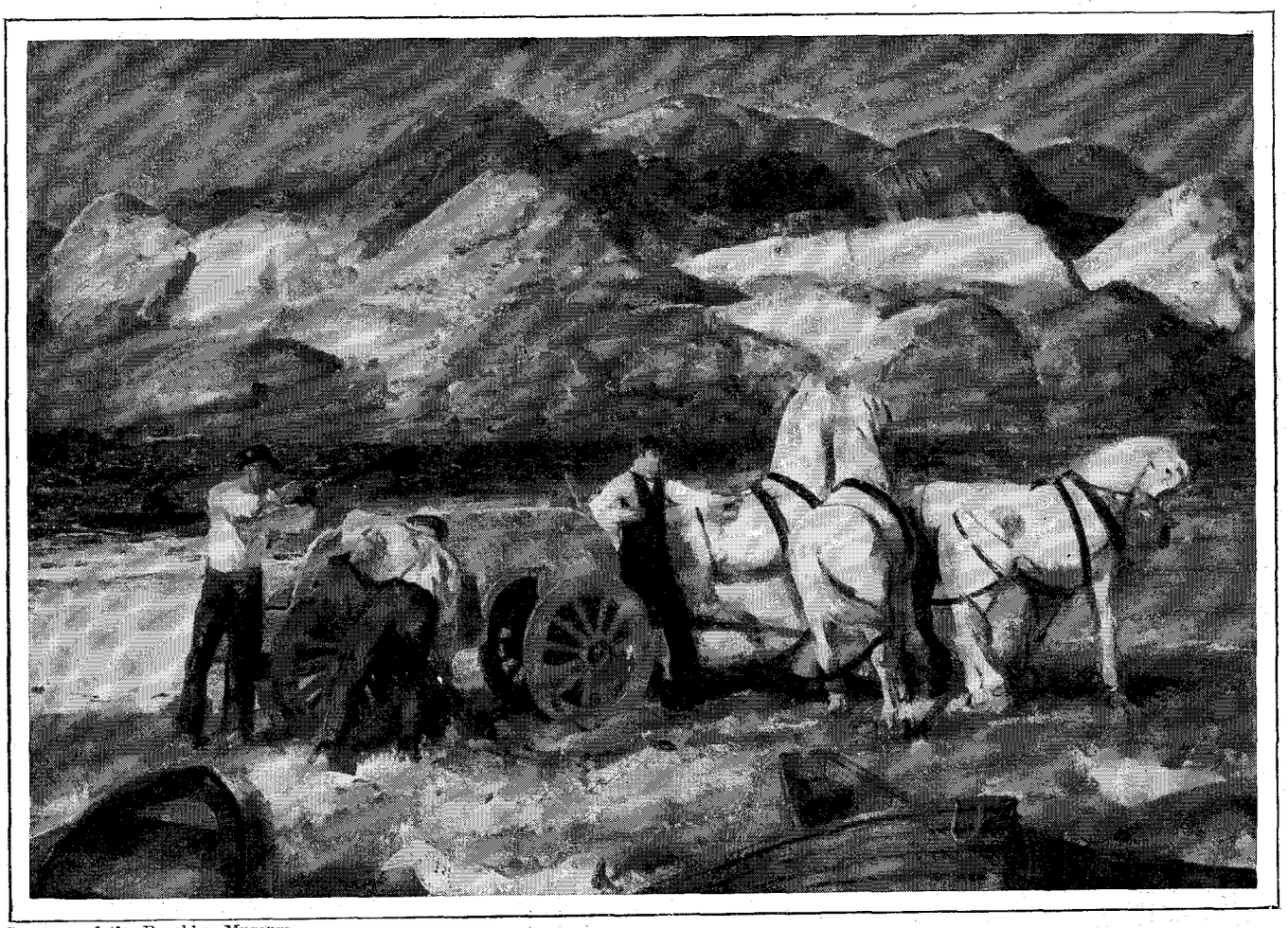
# Two Moods of



Courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum

THE Sand Cart, by George Bellows (above), has recently been added to the collection of the Brooklyn Museum. An appreciation of Bellows's work published in The Outlook early this year has its application to this picture: "Bellows is emphatic, masculine. And he finds congenial themes at sea, not so much because it is the sea as because of the chance for color contrast and for bold design."

THE Oak Tree, Brookhaven, Long Island, by Frederick W. Kost (at the right), is from a memorial exhibition of the works of Mr. Kost at the Brooklyn Museum. The artist studied in Munich and Paris, but it was Long Island, Staten Island, and the vicinity of Greater New York which furnished the subjects for the majority of his canvases. Mr. Kost was born in New York City in 1860 and died in 1923. He received honors at the Paris, Buffalo, and St. Louis Expositions. Other examples of his work are in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City, and in the Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia

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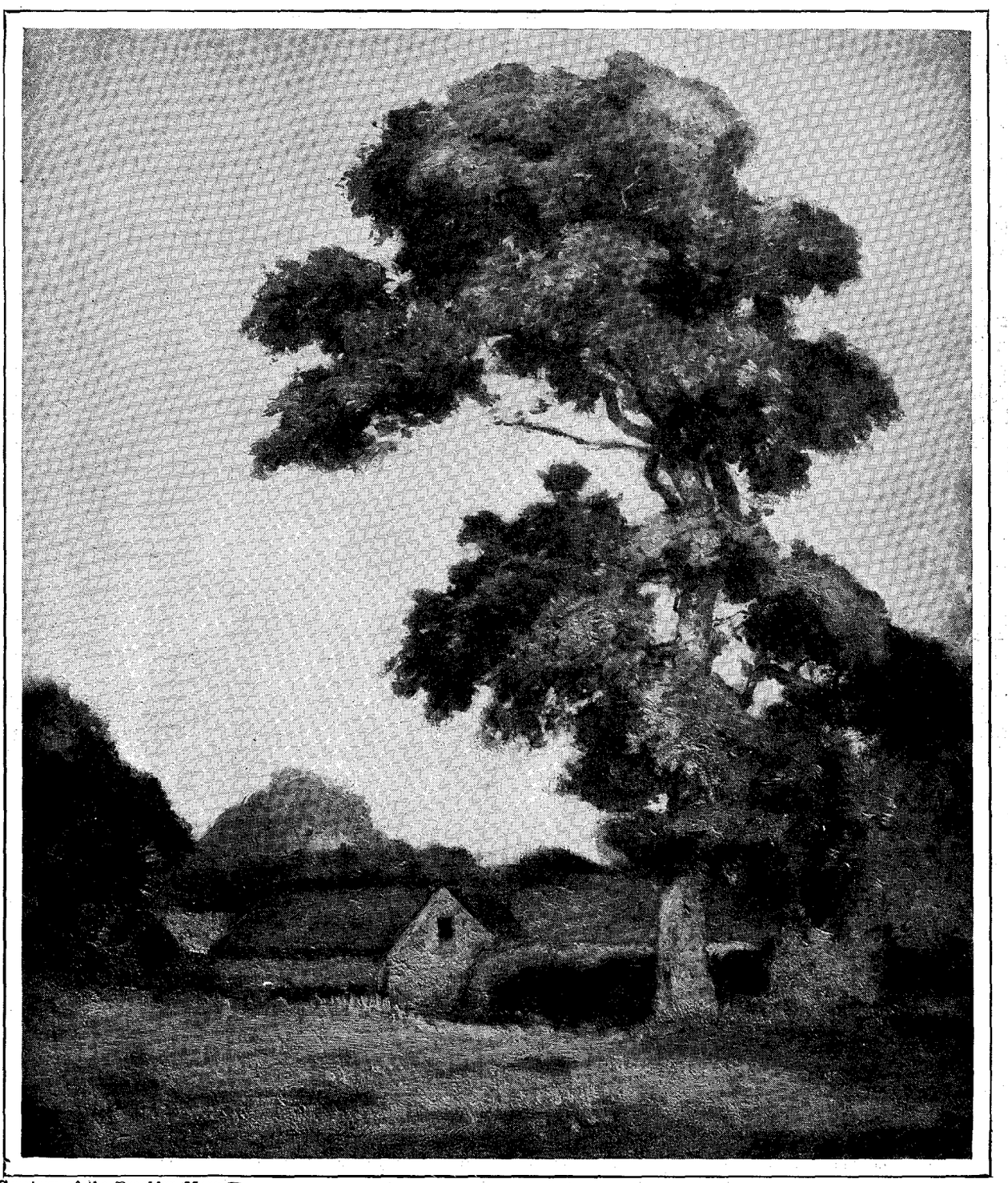
# American Art



Courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum

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# Russia Through Russian Eyes

## By NATALIE DE BOGORY

### An old revolutionist discusses the new Revolution

MANY years ago, in the seventies, an intellectual upheaval disturbed some of the young nobility of Russia. Many young men and women showed signs of mental growing-pains; they began to question the old, established order of things and to read such revolutionary writers as John Stuart Mill. There was nothing dangerous to the state in this revolt, for it was only youth rebelling against age. But, since the movement held a sociological flavor, the Russian Government took it seriously and started persecuting the young rebels. So in sheer self-defense they finally turned into revolutionists, and some of them were driven so hard that they actually became dangerous. The culmination of those little beginnings we see in the Russia of to-day.

One of these young rebels, who tore fine hand-made linen shirts into strips to wind around his legs peasant fashion as a symbol of his contempt for his birth, was Vladimir De Bogory-Mokrievitch, whose subsequent career and writings placed him among the important men of the Russian revolutionary movement. He was among the first to undertake that idealistic pilgrimage known as "going among the people," an attempt to educate and revolutionize the peasant. His name is connected with some of the most sensational events in Kiev, which read like dime-novel exploits, except that they meant prison and even death to some. He was one of the group which was finally driven to terrorism as a protest against senseless police activity. These young idealists, living in a world all their own, were hounded like criminals, and finally tracked to earth. De Bogory-Mokrievitch was arrested with a number of other prominent young men and women, and one of the sensational trials of the period fell to their lot. Three men were condemned to die. He, however, received fifteen years' hard labor, as did others, the sentences varying according to the importance of the criminal. So from the university bench these youthful enthusiasts started on the road to Siberia, where De Bogory-Mokrievitch and his friends were to serve their sentences in the silver mines of Kara, in farthermost eastern Siberia. In those days there was no railroad, and the prisoners walked, there being no wagons except for the political prisoners, since most of these were nobles. The rest of the party was made up of simple criminals, exiled to different villages throughout Siberia.

For months the weary march continued, with men dying on the road, and, finally, hunger setting in as a result of the inadequate sums allowed by the Government for the nourishment of the prisoners. De Bogory-Mokrievitch, meanwhile, had conceived a plan of escape, which he carried out with two other political prisoners; they exchanged places with some criminals, who were honored by the selection as well as by receiving rewards. As the village of exile approached, the three political prisoners exchanged places with the three criminals, and were duly released in the small Siberian hamlet. De Bogory-Mokrievitch left the village immediately, fearing that the substitution might be soon discovered, and pushed towards Irkutsk, where there were friends who could help him. Without money or clothes, and soon with the police on his track, he walked nights and hid through the days, and it was only the sheer pluck of other political exiles which saved him from the clutches of the police.

### *Death on His Trail*

IN time he turned into an itinerant merchant, both as a means of earning a living and to be better able to organize the escape of his friends from prison. He was already in Kara, living under the prison walls and definitely working out a plan of escape, when one of the criminals recognized him from the prison windows and denounced him. He had to escape once again, with the police hot on his trail, for there was a price on his capture. Across Siberia he raced in his cart and horse, and the police followed him. It was only the chance breaking up of the ice on the huge Lena River the day after he crossed it which saved him. The police could not follow.

He arrived in St. Petersburg in 1882, just at the time of the murder of Czar Alexander II. He did not feel that the act was a wise one; nevertheless his own danger was great, for he was forced to remain hidden for weeks while the spies searched the city for revolutionists. The arrangements were finally made for his escape from Russia, and with the help of smugglers he got across the border on foot.

Once outside Russia, De Bogory-Mokrievitch turned liberal, for he felt that none but an active revolutionist should preach revolution, that no man has an ethical right to send a man to his death unless he too runs the risk. He became Constitutional Democrat, and felt that evolution rather than revolution would solve Russia's sorrows. Meanwhile he worked on his "Memoirs," now considered a classic on the revolutionary movement of that period.

### *The Dream that Faded*

WHEN the Revolution of 1917 came, delirious with joy, he turned his eyes towards Russia—the free Russia of his dreams. A parliamentary Government was to be established, the peasant was to see justice—he was to see his dream come true!

With much trouble, he obtained permission to enter Russia after an exile of over thirty years. He sold his property and wound up his affairs. He intended to finish the remaining years of his life in his beloved mother country.

He arrived in Petrograd just as the Bolsheviki entered into power. Here it is best to quote him on his impressions of Bolshevism. We spent many days just talking, while he tried to pass over to me the experience of fifty years of political thought and activity.

"My first impression of 'free' Russia was a rather unfortunate one," he began; "it occurred on the Finnish Railroad. Sailors seemed to loaf on all the stations, and their behavior towards the officers was so insolent and provocative that I could hardly bear it. They spoke loudly of 'bourgeois' and 'comrade'—so much so that when one of them addressed me as 'comrade' I disavowed the title. I preferred to be a despised 'bourgeois' rather than a part of this ill-bred army of revolutionary democrats."

Naturally, one of my first questions was regarding Bolshevism: What had really pushed it into power?

"Bolshevism can be explained by our revolutionary history," he began. "In 1876, during the Russo-Turkish War, I was a defeatist because I was a revolutionist. But when I had grown to the conviction that Russia was greater than the Revolution I became a patriot, and in my mind defeatism stood for treason.



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And yet it was this which reigned everywhere, as a ghastly sign of Russia's disintegration. Had treason been suppressed in time, Bolshevism would have been impossible. And therein lies the innate weakness of all revolutionary movements. They are based on the denial of all those fundamental truths which have guided humanity for centuries and which have brought it along thus far. When these are shattered and denied and nothing given to replace them, a Frankenstein monster is created, which in the end destroys even its originators. In our youth we denied the validity of patriotism and religion, but we had replaced these by an idealism and a deep asceticism, unattainable to the great mass of people. And it was just this lack of fundamentals which opened the way to Bolshevism. And I shudder at the trend which so-called radicalism has taken to-day; under its cloak hide many vices which would have deeply shocked and disgusted us in those days.

"This same need of stable foundations should have been recognized in dealing with the Czar after the Revolution. The Russian peasant has not developed a nationalistic feeling or understanding. His mind does not stretch beyond the province in which his village lies—a fact forcibly demonstrated during the war, when the peasants of one government placidly permitted the defeat of regiments from other governments simply because they came from a different part of the country. There was no such conception as 'Russian' in their minds. There was, however, one symbol of unity, of power, and of the nation, and that was the Czar. And it was here that all the different political parties completely lost their heads in their efforts to please the 'people.'

"That the Czar was compromised as an individual there is no doubt, but the Czar was not an individual. He stood as a symbol for the nation, and the only comprehensible one to the peasant. And yet all worked to pull him down. The deeply monarchistic peasant saw the downfall of the idea of the nation; the Czar was removed, and with him nationalism died. The country immediately fell apart into a number of small republics.

"I consider that one of the most fatal mistakes of the Revolution was the dethronement of the Czar. He should have been allowed to remain as the symbolic head of the nation. The revolutionists made a pitiful showing of their power.

"As to the accession to power of the Bolsheviki—that is not difficult to explain. One only has to know and understand the Russian peasant. He has always had one great need, and that was land, for at the time of the emancipation from slavery the land allotments were insufficient, and that remained the big unsolved problem of Russian statesmanship. On the other hand, the peasant was tired of war and longing for peace. The Constitutional Democrats under Prince Lvoff dared not tackle the land problem, because it was a direct attack on the interests of most of the representatives of the party. The Social-Revolutionists with Kerensky as leader did not make peace because they were loyal to the Allied cause. Neither party consequently could satisfy the peasant yearning. The Bolsheviki, defeatist by principle and utterly unscrupulous, with nothing to lose, grabbed the land programme of the Social-Revolutionist and promised it to the peasant. Then they declared peace. They were only anxious to gain power; principles did not exist for them. The peasant, on the other hand, was in no way concerned with Communism and the Bolshevik programme; all he saw was a chance of getting the two things he most desired—land and peace.

## *A House Built on Sand*

"The whole power of the Bolsheviki is therefore built on a lack of principle, and the men back of such a programme could be nothing else but adventurers. It is only natural that the intellectual elements in Russia boycotted them and that to protect themselves they started a campaign of ruthless extermination.

"In our callow youth we had denied Church and religion, but we had our own strict codes of conduct. Our idealistic natures did not even dream of the looseness and degradation which would flourish under the cover of radicalism in time to come. But life has taught us many things, and with my present understanding of human nature I consider that the Church is essential, for it alone gives the ethical basis for thought and living, without which man turns into a beast. The best proof of this lies in the actions of the Bolsheviki when they came into power. The Church taught a clean idealism, which was a danger to the Bolshevik adventurers, and it had to be destroyed. Many priests turned traitor to their teachings, but many more remained true to them. The New Church built up under Bolshevik approbation is an absurdity; no religion can flourish side by side with the utter unmorality of Bolshevik teaching. And it is significant that under Bolshevism the Church is flourishing even better than it did for many years previously.

"The peasant took what he wanted from Bolshevism and arranged his life as it pleased him. He wanted land and he wanted his Church. And he obtained both, holding out stolidly against all efforts to inculcate Communism into his life and thought. And it has been in this very indifference that the Bolshevik Government found its strength, for the peasant has not even cared enough to fight the usurpers. He has what he needs.

"I can speak only for the conditions in the Ukraine, as it is there that I lived during the five years of my stay in 'free' Russia. In Kiev, for example, the city looked as though a cyclone had passed over it; no repairs were undertaken, houses actually fell to pieces, the streets were almost impassable in places. And nobody bothered, because everything was nationalized and nobody felt any interest in what belonged to the people. And this was said openly. On the other hand, the Bolsheviki, feeling that their power was but temporary, looted and stole everywhere, thus only increasing the sense of unrest. And this lack of principle opened the door to adventurers and thieves, who flocked to the Bolshevik banner. Force and trickery were the weapons used to keep in power, and honest people fled from the Bolshevik group as they would from a band of thieves. The peasant, on the other hand, has a deep belief in private property and his nature is religious. The gulf between the two is impassable.

"The situation around the city of Kiev was characteristic. Whereas the city was crumbling to pieces, the villages around were flourishing. Every house had been rebuilt, and in the yards lumber was stacked up high. The forests around had been nationalized, so the peasants waded in and started hewing them down; and it would have been impossible to explain to them that forests are necessary and must be preserved. The peasant did not want Communism, and he is now a small landlord. The peasant household is now sufficient unto itself, so, while the city is hungry, the peasant has never been better off. Russia is simply slipping back into primitive conditions.

"The Communist teaching has demoralized the Russian workingman, who has become lazy and incapable of effort. He has become incapable of real work. But the Revolution has had a different effect on the peasant; undoubtedly the demoralization has touched him also, but there is one essential thing which has remained, and that is the love of work. The peasant knows that if he does not work he has nothing to eat. So he has retained his ability to produce. When the Bolshevik commissars demanded grain from him, he refused it, and finally learned to hide it so well that even the

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keenest spies could not uncover it. He also learned to kill the commissars in self-protection. But his industry has remained unshaken. And therein lies my deep faith in Russia and her future. With eighty-three per cent of the population still willing and able to work, the Bolshevik virus can make no real headway. It dies a natural death. And all Russian thinkers are beginning to realize that the force of Russia lies in the peasant, who has remained close to the one great truth in the world—Mother Earth."

De Bogory-Mokrievitch could not remain in Bolshevik Russia. But it was equally difficult for him to find the way out, since the Bolsheviki would permit no Russian to leave the country. He finally obtained the permission to leave as a foreign citizen, and the pioneer revolutionist left the country, for which he had given his youth, under another name and another nationality. But De Bogory-Mokrievitch is not discouraged, for, just as in the old days he believed in the power and force of the Russian peasant, so now he feels certain that the salvation will come from below.

And at seventy-three he realizes keenly the mistaken ideas of his youth.

# The Endowment of a Dream

## By HERMANN HAGEDORN

**Here is the story of scientists who dare to think of feeding the world through the help of man-made climates, soils, and atmosphere**

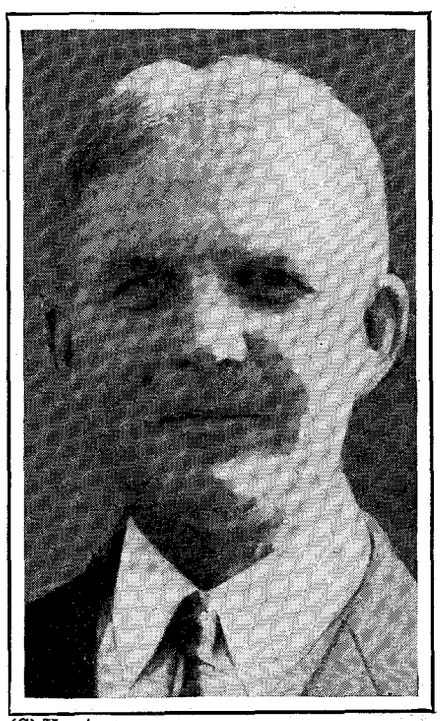
ON a cool, clear September day of this year 1924—it was September 24, to be exact—some three hundred men and women, scientists in the main, representing universities and scientific societies in America and Europe, gathered in the assembly-room of the Hudson River Golf Club, north of Yonkers, for the dedication exercises that marked the initiation of the work of a great new scientific institution. The speakers were conservative men, professors of botany most of them, one from the University of Chicago, another from the University of London, but they spoke of the founder of the institution as a Columbus, and they linked his name with that of the other great dreamers of history who brought fulfillment to their dreams.

The founder was present, looking shy and uncomfortable. A hundred yards northward, in the level rays of the late afternoon sun, sparkled the glass in the greenhouses flanking the Institute his vision had created.

The scientists spoke like poets; the old men saw visions, the young men dreamed dreams. A layman, blundering into the meeting, might have guessed that it was an assembly of men of letters reviewing the imaginative possibilities of science rather than a meeting of scientists stating in measured terms the significance of an institution for research.

It is in its mingling of the appeal to the practical and the appeal to the imagination that the Boyce-Thompson Institute of Plant Research exercises its peculiar fascination.

Picture the scene: a massive brick building, L-shaped, designed to appear that which it is, an institute for solid scientific research; on one side, successive terraces of shimmering greenhouses; on the other, gardens, brilliant with color; the whole scene set against a background of close-cropped rolling lawns. Inside:



(C) Keystone

**Dr. William Crocker, Director of the Boyce-Thompson Institute of Plant Research**

long, cool corridors, a half-dozen laboratories perfectly equipped, a library, numerous offices, ice chambers, vaults, machinery of all sorts and description.

A very efficient-appearing place, but not suggestive of romance. Nor do the people in it look particularly romantic, or act like knights upon a quest; least of all the short, quiet man with the impressive head who rubbed the lamp and built this structure out of the things that dreams are made of.

And yet the place is possessed to an extraordinary degree by the sense of mystery beckoning to be pursued, of problems lying like beautiful ladies in dungeons crying for release. The unknown stalks down the corridors, elusive, but not impossible of capture. And all that is the essence of romance.

It has been said that, whatever a man may write, the one thing he is certain to write is Himself. The same is true, of course, of every other form of expression. The Institute, which is built on the solid foundation of proved facts and established laws and yet "is of imagination all compact," is a singularly clear expression of the soul of the man who created it. His name is William Boyce-Thompson. He is what is known as a copper magnate; but he is a great many things besides, several of them more important than the familiar term would suggest. He is the greatest doctor of sick industries that Wall Street has known in this generation; a great organizer; a man of singularly discriminating vision in the field of human relations; a financial genius; above all, a great dreamer. The Institute of Plant Research represents his latest dream to be fulfilled. In Arizona he is developing an arboretum for the flora of the Southwest. There are other dreams in process.

The Institute stands east of the Albany Post Road at Greystone, north of Yonkers. Its purpose is to study why and how plants grow; why they languish or thrive; what their diseases are and how those diseases may be met; what their needs are in light and air and how their development may be stimulated by the scientific regulation of the elements that contribute to their growth. In this Institute are hothouses such as were never seen on land or sea. Not such crystal chambers of greenery as people who can afford the coal like to attach to their country houses, bright corridors of glass dazzling with sunlight where happy millionaires pick tomatoes in February. No, not such places at all; but Egyptian tombs; ten-foot cubes of space with masonry walls and iron doors like the doors of a vault in a bank or a cell in a jail, where the light of day can never possibly

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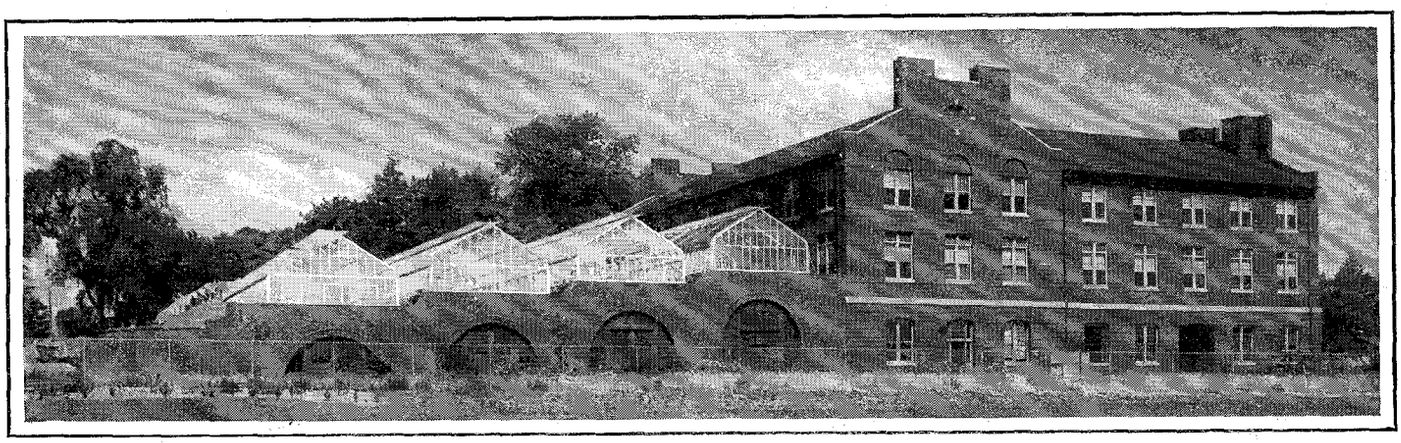

**The Boyce-Thompson Institute of Plant Research—"A massive brick building, L-shaped, designed to appear that which it is, an institute for solid scientific research"**

penetrate and the air is charged with elements which would make plants or human creatures outside literally shudder and gasp.

Those chambers are lighted only by enormous incandescent lamps in the ceiling, which can perpetually give the brilliancy of mid-afternoon in June. A sheet of glass over which water continuously flows separates the plants from the withering heat of the lights. Tubes in the wall feed or withhold carbon dioxide from the air, and supply such other gases as the scientist in charge of each particular experiment may choose to utilize.

In those subterranean cells experiments in the growth of plants are carried on. What makes vegetables grow—sun or heat or carbon dioxide? How much of each do they need? What can man devise to make two beans or twenty, two potatoes or ten, grow where one bean and one potato grew before?

"What I've got on my mind," says Thompson, chewing the end of a cigar, "is that in a few hundred years this country's going to have a population of half a billion. And I want to help her get ready to feed them."

All the hothouses are not underground, but even those which are open to the sun are series of isolated compartments, each with its individually controlled conditions where day in, day out, feathery green blades, thriving or withering, are the unconscious teachers of mankind. One long, deep, oblong area is divided into five parts, in each of which, in increasing proportions, the ultra-violet rays are cut out. Ultra-violet rays, say the oculists, are bad for human eyes. Are they bad for the eyes of plants? Do they retard growth? Do they weaken the resisting power to disease? What would happen if we could shield plants altogether from those devastating rays?

That is the kind of question the Boyce-Thompson Institute will in time answer.

"I don't know where these experiments are going to lead," says Thompson. "No one knows. No one can imagine. All I know is that, in comparison to the advances which have been made in other fields of applied science, agriculture is in its infancy. But the possibilities! I lie awake nights sometimes thinking of them. In one of these cells under the ground, to-morrow or fifty years hence, some young fellow that no one has ever heard of may discover something about the growth of plants which will at one stroke solve a large part of the world's social and political problems."

He pronounces the words quietly, but there is a gleam in his eye.

The place is stimulating to the imagination, but whatever air castles Thompson or any one else may be building there have solid foundations. Apart from the hothouses of various sorts, there are numerous laboratories, an extensive technical library, and special rooms for microscope studies and microphotography. The great fireproof building overlooking the green slopes of the Hudson River Valley Golf Club is equipped to take the leadership, not only of this country, but of the world, in agricultural research. Only a part of it has been built. Ultimately there will be a quadrangle of buildings. Meanwhile there is adequate space and equipment for more than thirty scientific workers. And the Institute is well endowed. Thompson has looked out for that. In time the Institute will be perpetuated for the State or the Nation.

The Institute has been in operation something less than a year. The Director of Research is Dr. William Crocker, formerly head of the Department of Plant Physiology of the University of Chicago. With him is associated a group of scholars covering a half-dozen fields of science—a pathologist, a protozoologist, an entomologist, a "virus man," a biochemist, a plant physiologist, a biophysicist, a microchemist, a morphologist. The new word is "co-operative attack." Each specialist goes at the problem from his own angle. One scholar's experiments give clues to another; point by point the puzzle resolves itself.

Nowhere ever before have such facilities been placed before experimenters in plant research. In the twin underground chambers, one painted white and continuously lighted throughout the day and night, the other painted black and continuously dark, soil-boxes on wheels stand crowded one beside the other. All have been planted with the same varieties of seed at the same hour, but each is exposed to light for a period differing from all the others. In the twenty-four hours one box is given twenty-four hours of light approximating that of a summer afternoon, another twenty hours, another ten, another five or two or one. Every hour one or another is shifted from the "constant light room" to the "constant dark room." The divergence in the growth in the different soil-boxes is startling. No cabbage plant before ever grew in one week as cabbage plants are growing in the dazzling "constant light room" of the Boyce-Thompson Institute. No beans ever sprang up from seed and reached out their tentacles for something to climb by as they are springing and reaching in that subterranean chamber. But it is not alone there that plants are made to work twenty-four hours a day. Over a number of the greenhouses huge cranes bearing powerful electric lights are swung at night to supplement the sunlight.

The experiments have a curious fascination even for the untrained, unscientific mind. Their utility is obvious and their day-by-day progress is clearly understandable. The things that are going on in these strange cells come home to Smith or Jones or Robinson as scientific experimenting seldom does. They mean ultimately more food for less money. It is a matter of acute personal interest to the ordinary observer, in the open-air chambers devoted to the study of the effect of the ultra-violet ray, to note how the elimination of that ray

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strengthens the growing corn, and how the elimination of the violet rays enfeeble it. All that is "you-and-me stuff," subtly thrilling even to the rankest outsider.

A sense of unimaginable possibilities of discovery pervades this austere brick structure which a great dreamer with his feet on the ground has erected for other dreamers whose minds, like his, are geared to the vast machinery of natural law. The visitor has a feeling that anything strange and wonderful may happen. Scientific discoveries have a way of leaping out of the laboratory and overturning accepted judgments and procedures in unexpected places. A despairing grower of carnations came to Dr. Crocker, the executive head of the Institute staff, once upon a time while he was still at the University of Chicago, to find out why, in the name of all things infernal and unjust, his crop should fail him at the moment of blooming for five successive seasons. Dr. Crocker made inquiries, and found a gas main running along the alley outside the florist's greenhouses. The pipe was defective, and when the frost had formed a crust over the porous sandy soil the fumes, seeking an outlet horizontally, had found it in the greenhouse and had put the carnations to sleep. The gas company had to pay damages, but that is not the point. Dr. Crocker studied the composition of the faint fumes, and discovered ethylene. Now mark the effects in unexpected quarters. Ethylene turned out to be an anæsthetic with all the effective qualities of ether and without most of its defects; that is, it robbed anæsthesia of its rude awakening; there is little nausea after it. Surgery has been divested of one of its incidental terrors as a result of an investigation of the demise of a crop of carnations.

But that is not all. Across the continent, the orange growers, thinking that higher temperatures in their storage-houses would speed the yellowing of the fruit, installed kerosene stoves. The results were all that they had hoped for. Certain growers, regarding the stoves as cumbersome, dangerous, and out of date, installed steam or hot-water heating systems. To their disgust, their progressiveness was not only unrewarded; it was actually penalized. The heat was only slightly effective. They reported the situation to the Department of Agriculture. Experiments proved that the effectiveness of the kerosene stoves had been due, not to the heat they generated, but to the gases they introduced into the storage-houses. A brilliant soul thereupon tried an experiment with his Ford car, backing it up to the open door of his storage-house and letting the engine run. The gas from the exhaust proved even more efficacious than the kerosene stove, and provided the world with a new use for the "flivver." Among reasons for purchasing Ford cars, the delighted orange grower had not heard it argued that they were useful for purposes of yellowing oranges. He reported the matter to the United States Bureau of Chemistry. After endless experimentation, Dr. F. E. Denny, of the Bureau discovered that ethylene was the effective agent. From that discovery it was only a step to the devising of a simple and practical method for yellowing citrus fruit by the use of ethylene, which produced in half the time the effect of the fumes of the kerosene stove and placed the process under the exact control of the producer. Ethylene has now become a recognized agent, not only for yellowing the picked fruit, but for forcing the growth of plants and for stimulating the dormant organs in starting growth in seeds.

It is the knowledge that you never can tell where an experiment in the study of plant life will lead that gives its peculiar fascination to Colonel Thomspon's dream-made-manifest that overlooks the rolling Westchester hills. You are told that one of the investigators has discovered that rose seeds, which were supposed to take from six to seven years to germinate, will, when they are kept in a germinator continuously at a temperature of 41° Fahrenheit, sprout in from sixty to a hundred and forty days; and it stimulates the imagination. Rose seeds may be remote from the daily life of John Jones, but out of this discovery may come another that will reach to the very core of John Jones's existence. You never can tell. In plant research the precedents favor the unexpected.

The Boyce-Thompson Institute is a very romantic place, and much more fertile in possibilities of social reconstruction than all the societies of reds and pinks and ultra-violets in these United States.

# Summer in a Shakespeare Home

## By ALBERT SPALDING

### America's foremost violinist turns country gentleman and dramatic critic

My wife said to me, "What do you say to spending this summer in England?" I was reading an interesting book at the time, but such a question is not one to remain unheeded even at moments of engrossing interest. So face down went the book, leaving a heroine in despair at the supposed but mythical treachery of her lover, and I was able to answer brightly enough: "Good idea! You do the saying and I'll do the spending." My manner, however, is entirely too flippant for the seriousness of the occasion, and I soon recognize my error. "Of course," she continued, "if you have something else you'd rather do"—

Now that is always the most disarming thing a woman can say to an already defenseless man. What, indeed, would I rather do? A momentary feeling of chagrin, as at a lost opportunity in not having proposed this genial plan myself, passes quickly enough, and my "Oh, no!" is sufficiently hearty in its enthusiastic denial to satisfy the most exigeant.

"Well, then," says Mary, "don't you think it's about time to make inquiries as to some place or other? Here we are at the end of May, your concert season nearly ended, and, frankly, I'm pining for the country. Do you think a house is going to walk up to our hotel, knock on our door, and literally ask us to take it?"

No, I didn't think so, but that is just about what it did do. The very same day we were lunching (was it not at the Berkeley Grill?) with an old friend, G.C., and in the course of conversation he asked us our summer plans. It had, mind you, already become *our plan;* for I always try, though not with invariable success, to annex my wife's brilliant ideas. But this time it succeeded, for Mary, with consummate feminine strategy, generally contrives to have it appear that our major movements owe their sole impulse to my initiative. In fact, by this time it has become more my plan than hers. Subtle, thrice subtle flattery. We are powerless before it. So we tell G. C. of *my* plan. "I know just the place for you," he said. "A lovely old house in Stratford." *"In* Stratford," interrupts my wife; "that would never do. I want the country; not another

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**" Our first sight of the beautiful old Tudor house, with its irregular wooden beams patterning bold and odd designs against the white plaster walls "**

town." She dreams expectantly of a house with the five indispensable qualifications:

1. It must be in the country.
2. It must not stand on or near a thoroughfare.
3. It must have a tennis court.
4. It must have two bathrooms.
5. It must have two pianos.

The house proposed by G. C. had none of these desirable qualities, but his enthusiastic description was so intriguing that a letter was despatched the very same afternoon to the charming American lady who owns the house. Her immediate and welcoming reply brought us to Stratford a few mornings later to investigate. We saw it, and fell for it at once. All reservations as to necessary qualifications vanished in the twinkling of an eye with our first sight of the beautiful old Tudor house, with its irregular wooden beams patterning bold and odd designs against the white plaster walls. The stirring historical news that it had once belonged to and had been lived in by Shakespeare's daughter, Susanna, seemed right and fitting as we crossed the stone-flagged hall with its great white fireplace, mellowed with the warmth of ten thousand welcoming fires. It was at once a museum and a home! The museum inspired our enthusiasm; but it was the home which won our love. Here, then, was to be our summer. Beyond the hall, and to the left of the old kitchen, which now serves as dining-room, a wide oak door swung open onto the gentlest, most inviting sight that England can offer—a walled garden. As *pièce de résistance* in this garden, a mulberry tree commanded the center of an acre's lawn, flanked on the one side with a walk made gracious by friendly poplar trees, and on the other by a high brick ivy-grown wall which guarded the garden's privacy from the street, known as "Old Town," which leads to Shakespeare's burial-place. The venerable mulberry tree at once invited questions. Aladdin's lamp was at work here also. No magic carpet could have brought a more fantastic answer. The mulberry happened to be one of the two trees which the Earl of Southampton presented to Shakespeare on the event of the poet's father achieving the title of "gentleman." Any one below this rank, it seems, was not entitled to own a mulberry tree. One of these trees Shakespeare planted in his own garden, New Place, and the other, so it is believed, in his favorite daughter's garden. Mrs. L., the charming owner of Hallscroft (such is the name of Susanna's house, derived from her husband, Dr. Hall's name), told me this story of the tree. I never doubted it. I never do doubt such imaginative traditions. But she, fearing that I might belong to that irrepressible legion of skeptics, added the wholly unnecessary material verification that she had had the tree examined by experts, who had pronounced its age to be just over three hundred years. Walter Hines Page has a delightful though irritatingly doubtful allusion to it in his "Life and Letters" by Burton Hendrick. But our great diplomat, too, felt its spell when, after a reception given in his honor, he called upon the household to join hands and "dance around the mulberry tree." Over three hundred springs and summers have sped by since it cast its delicious shade over England's greatest poet, who must have come thither more than once to enjoy the cool perfume of its branches; perhaps—who knows?—to tell fairy tales to a grandchild's wonderment. Such fairy tales they must have been, too! The matchless imagery of the "Tempest," a work which must have just then been filling all his thoughts, speaks eloquently of the rich and tender development of his last years. No, legend or no legend, the tree stands as a symbol for this and many other things. And in a measure it became a symbol of our summer. There of an afternoon would we go with rugs and cushions and a play to read—one of the plays that we would plan seeing on a subsequent evening.

A few hundred yards down a winding lane hugging the slender and gently flowing Avon stands the Festival Theater. Six weeks of plays were announced by the Stratford Company. I was greatly stimulated by this season's announcement to hear that several plays were to be produced which I had never seen before, such as "Henry IV," Part I, and "Measure for Measure." The rest of the programme was as follows: "Richard III," "Taming of the Shrew," "Macbeth," the "Midsummer-Night's Dream," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Much Ado About Nothing," and "She Stoops to Conquer," by Goldsmith. I had heard of the Stratford Players. I had heard them well spoken of as an industrious, painstaking organization, worthy descendants of the Benson company. I looked forward to quiet enjoyment; what I received was a thrill. With the opening performance of "Henry IV"—indeed, after the first act—I found myself on the edge of my seat in a glow of red-hot enthusiasm. A glance at my programme gave a new meaning to names which were hitherto unknown to me. The philosophical sophistries of Frank Cellier's Falstaff, the fiery soldiery of Balliol Halloway's Hotspur, the inspired and inspiring gallantry of Maurice Colbourne's Prince Hal, wove a tapestry of living and vital emotions; and there it was hanging before our enchanted eyes. The crowded, ill-aired little theater, whose exterior is an unpleasant reminder of the Hamburg railroad station, gave place to the gorgeous pageantry of a Plantagenet England. The scenery was simple, inexpensive, adequate; neither elaborate stage mountings nor the pretentious pedantry of a set "done only with curtains." The sets, both large and small, were arranged with admirable prac-

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**"The venerable mulberry tree at once invited questions" (from the new residents, in the foreground)**

ticality, following the scheme suggested by Shakespeare's own indication. The play was acted continuously, with but one break—an intermission of ten minutes following the close of the third act. Except for this respite, the brief transitions from one scene to another were despatched in only the length of time necessary to the raising and lowering of a curtain. And so the play was performed as it was written. There were a few minor cuts of no importance, but no chopping up of acts and actual transposition of scenes to fit the exigencies of an elaborate stage producer. The capable and modest young man who captains this remarkable organization, Mr. Bridges-Adams, gives a free rein to the imagination of his principals.

Within certain limits they are free to plan and produce their own "stage business." And the spontaneous, fresh buoyancy which characterizes the performances is more than proof of the success of this elasticity on the part of the producer. The cast is announced as a "star-less" cast. But I soon discovered that this was not because there were no stars, but rather because there were so many. Balliol Halloway, who to-night plays Hotspur, to-morrow will appear as Richard III, and the next night will impersonate the insignificant rôle of Biondello (Lucentio's servant) in the "Taming of the Shrew." So too with the others. In the women's ranks there is greater weakness. One only, Miss Dorothy Green, was equal to the occasion; but she more than justified her reputation. On her, of course, fell the burden of the great characters of Lady Macbeth, Isabella, Beatrice, Queen Margaret, etc. Her acting of these parts was a triumph of versatility, charm, and plastic beauty. A voice of fine range and admirably controlled to every dynamic shading, and a diction of such effortless clarity that a whispered *pianissimo* could indeed be *pianissimo* and yet heard. Do you wonder, then, that these performances drew us, not once, but many times? Frequently the audience boasted of a notable visitor—in the distinguished and attentive person of former Prime Minister Asquith. Many times Mary Anderson de Navarro drove over from her beautiful Broadway home to applaud Dorothy Green in the same rôles which made her famous two decades or more ago. But those of the audience who most interested me were packed in the gallery above. Night after night you could recognize the same enthusiastic faces of tradespeople, farmers, reacting to romance, poetry, beauty. And the best part of it is that they really get to know their Shakespeare. He becomes a living, vital force in their lives. I often think with a certain irony on how much more completely they possess him than does the collectioneering millionaire whose chief interest seems to be how many First Folios he may produce from a safe to astonish his friends with. The one possession is living, significant, real; it needs no guardian save an active mind and imagination. The other, a burdensome possession of the shell from which the kernel, the spirit, has escaped—a gorgeous shell 'tis true, but still a shell. Yes, the man in the gallery is at once the most interested and the most interesting spectator at the Stratford Shakespeare Festival. He is, furthermore, eloquent evidence that Shakespeare is not only the greatest, he is also the most popular playwright of all time. For this spectator no elaborate scenery or costly expenditure is necessary; what is necessary to him is that the play be acted sincerely, spontaneously. He asks the actor to follow Hamlet's own suggestion: "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of you players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines." Likewise he wants the actor to "Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance that you o'erstrap not the modesty of nature." A healthy catechism, not only for the actor, but as much for the musician. To memorize the spirit along with the words of this profoundly artistic and true utterance should be the endeavor of every teacher, of every student, of every artist. This temperance, this discretion, this observance of the "modesty of nature," never impedes or obstructs true emotion or passion. Rather it enhances it. But it is destructive to the false and exaggerated tendencies of uncontrolled natures who distort the natural flow of the creative stream into an incoherent mass of meaningless mannerisms. The impressive success of the opening performance of "Henry IV" insured our regular attendance at all the plays, and to many an hour of quiet and reflective reading of them under the mulberry tree. The spirit of Shakespeare did not appear or evaporate with the mere raising or lowering of the curtain. We would sense his companionship on the quiet walk home, our lips silently framing some of the lines. More than once a moon of especial brilliance would stretch a silver carpet from bank to bank of the Avon and light up the trees with a touch as luminous as Oberon's own. In silence, too, would we sit, my wife and I, before the open fireplace in which our thoughtful maid, Daniels, had kept some pleasant-smelling peat burning. And we reflected, perhaps as the citizens "of no mean city" would have us, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

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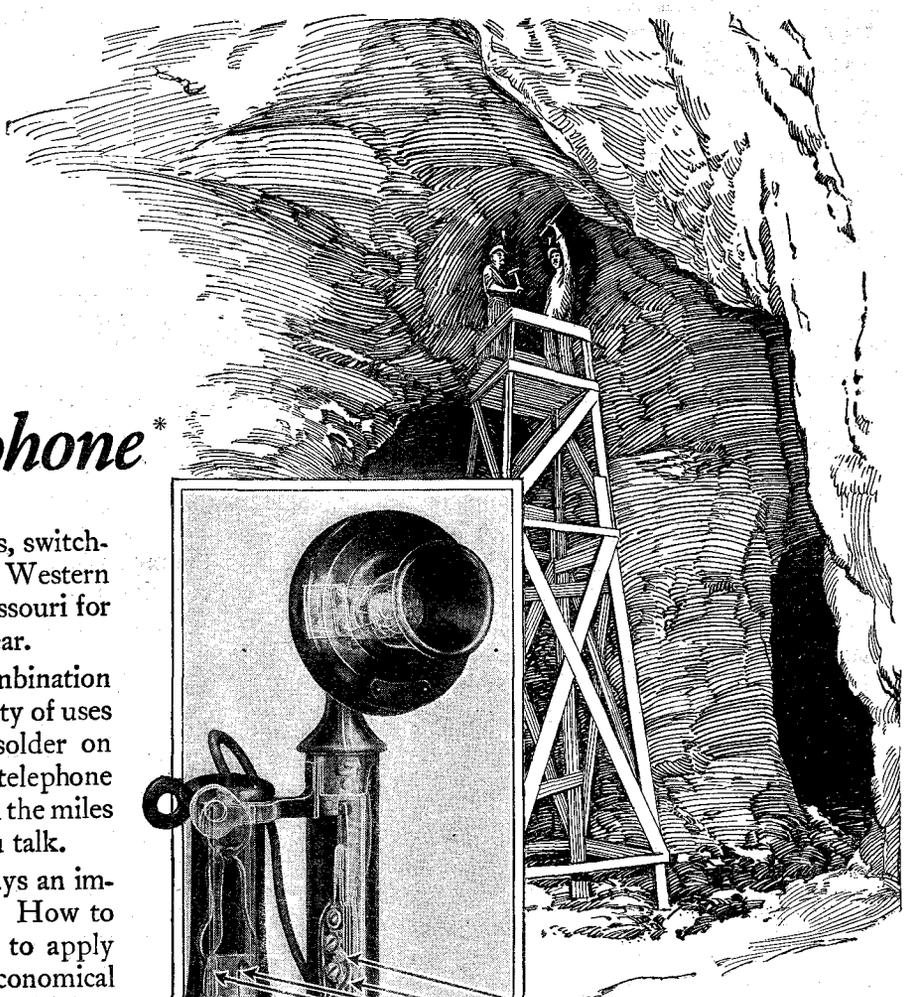
## —in your telephone*



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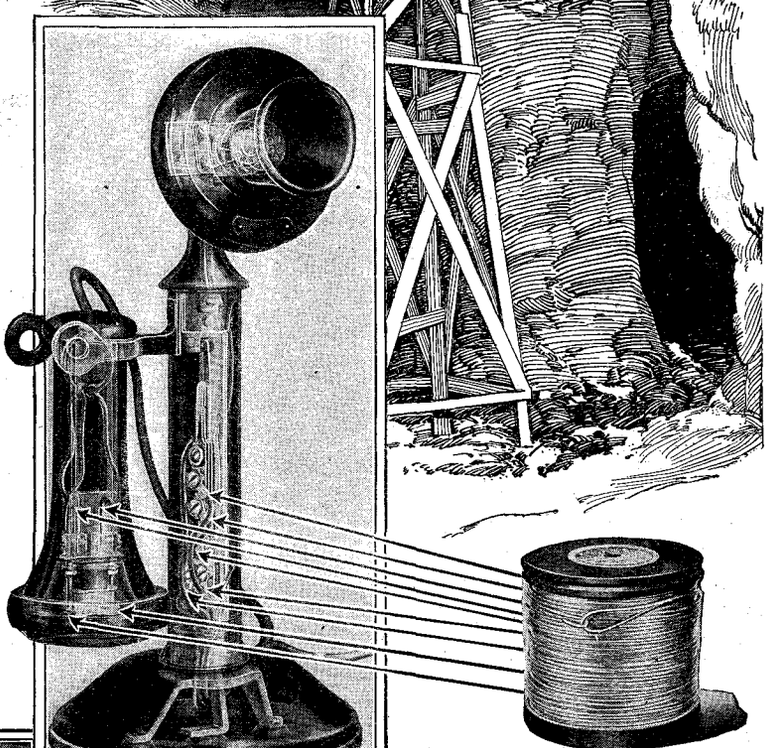

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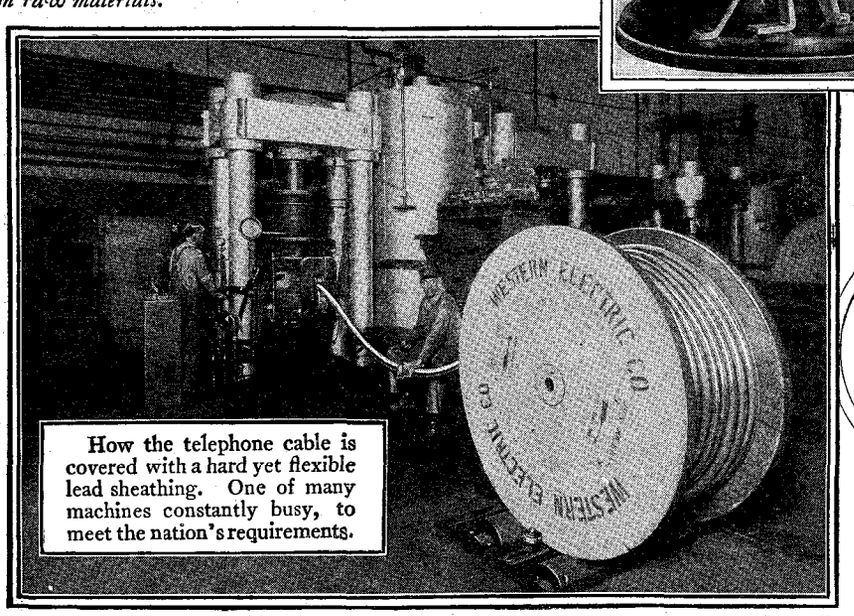
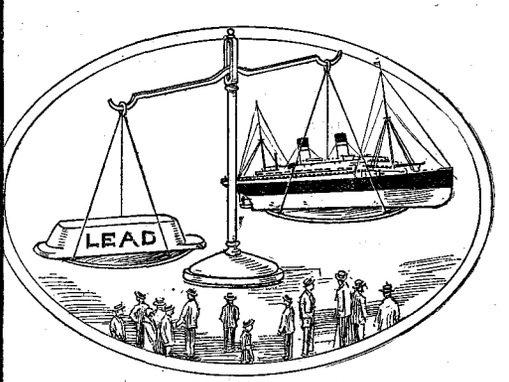



How the telephone cable is covered with a hard yet flexible lead sheathing. One of many machines constantly busy, to meet the nation's requirements.

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# The Book Table

## One of Ours

### A Review by H. W. Boynton

THIS careful biography [1] is a work of friendship; and we get the impression that Mr. Croly has been in some sense deputed to the task by the whole body of Willard Straight's friends. He has done a solid piece of work. He takes matters, as always, a little heavily. A more flexible sense of humor would have eliminated detail here and there, especially in the opening chapters. Straight was the son of a worthy schoolmaster and his temperamental wife. Both died of tuberculosis before the boy was ten years old. He became a troublesome charge to the two middle-aged American women, friends of his mother, who undertook to look out for him. Some years in Japan, with the prestige of the white man and of the only male in his mother's household, had spoiled him for domestic control.

He was willful, insubordinate, and frankly a nuisance. He was expelled from his school in Oswego, and sent to a New Jersey military academy, which turned out to be the right place for him. Discipline and ambition got hold of him, and he passed on with credit to Cornell. There he took an architectural course. But there was more of the adventurer and empire-builder in him than of the architect. His childhood taste of the East had left a ferment in his blood, which was heightened by his undergraduate worship of Kipling. After Cornell, he served in the British Maritime Customs at Nanking for a couple of years, learning a good deal of the language and the psychology of China.

But the routine of the Customs Service did not satisfy him, and he eagerly accepted a post as war correspondent on the outbreak of the Russian-Japanese War. His experience was as maddening as that of other correspondents in that first of modern wars, when the war correspondent found himself held politely back from all that he was supposed to behold and report. Chiefly, he learned to distrust Japan and her designs on Korea and China. For the rest of his time in the East his influence and growing skill in affairs were pitted steadily against Japanese aggression and intrigue. He bitterly resented America's desertion of Korea at the moment when she might easily have held Japan in check. As Consul at Mukden he worked unceasingly for the Open Door—and also (a less strictly official duty) for the entry of American capital through that door. He had an almost religious belief in the doctrine of the white man's burden—in commercial expansion as a banner of advancing civilization; and with this doctrine (as in Kipling) is mystically united the zeal of the patriot for setting his own land at the head of the procession.

His task done at Mukden, Straight turned to the West for a time, tried banking, tried associating himself with a scheme for Far Eastern finance. He wasn't happy; he was never a good subordinate, and he was about to try a totally new enterprise when the European War came. He went in, after Plattsburg, as a major; was never happy in being useful back from the line (here his strong mixture of generosity and egotism shows); and died of pneumonia in Paris shortly after the Armistice.

A characteristic American type of his period—ardent, ambitious, generous, self-conscious, of great personal charm, wistfully reaching towards some great opportunity, in some unknown field, which should finally justify his dreams. This book of his life is largely made up of extracts from his own copious diaries and letters, and is decorated with a great many spirited sketches by his own clever hand.

[1] Willard Straight. By Herbert Croly. The Macmillan Company, New York. $6.

# The New Books

BIOGRAPHY

**BYRON: THE LAST JOURNEY.** April, 1823–1824. By Harold Nicolson. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $4.

In the spring of 1824 Byron died at Missolonghi. This book has therefore the timeliness of a centenary memorial. But it is not a memorial cast in the usual formal and scholarly guise. It is a serious and spirited attempt to get behind the veil of romance and tradition that cover the memory of the poet, and to discover "the real Byron" of those later days. Mr. Nicolson tries to tell the story of Byron's mission and end at Missolonghi "with that realism which Byron, of all men, would himself have desired. I have thus discarded the legend that Byron went to Greece inspired solely by Philhellenic enthusiasms, or that his sojourn at Missolonghi was anything but a succession of humiliating failures. . . . The romantic or dramatic treatment leads only to an insincere and unconvincing presentation. Lord Byron accomplished nothing at Missolonghi except his own suicide; but by that single act of heroism he secured the liberation of Greece."

This is a little confusing. If Byron went to Greece largely to escape the petty vexations and slow disintegration of his *ménage* with the Guiccioli at Genoa, and if the enterprise hastened his death, in what sense was the whole affair an "act of heroism"? On the showing of this narrative, Byron's death was the result of too much drink as well as of too much worry. He dedicated his life to Greece—and then threw away that life. The effect of his death was immense; but it was an accident. To call such an end "heroic" is to use a purely "romantic or dramatic" term.

Nevertheless the effect of this record as a whole is undoubtedly realistic—it does give us an impression of an actual human being, in place of the misty and colossal figure of Byronic tradition. He is shown in the flesh—the too much flesh or the sternly underfed flesh of his later years—with his facial beauty, his lameness which he never forgets, his slovenly or flashy dress, his vanity, his obscure fears, his physical courage in the face of those fears. And he is shown in the larger aspect of his relations to his work and to the world: "It must be realized that the life of Byron is not, as has often been imagined, a series of wasted opportunities; rather is it a catalogue of false positions. His brain was male, his character was feminine. He had genius, but it was misunderstood and misdirected; he had beauty, but it was branded by deformity; he had rank, but no position; fortune, but it came too late; fame, but it blazed for him too early. From his childhood the foreground of his life had been out of focus with the background; throughout his career this error in focus marred the sincerity, the completeness, and even the meaning, of the whole."

This narrative begins with a picture of Byron at the Casa Saluzzo, imposed on and bored by the Guiccioli and her relatives, feeling himself slowly going to seed, desperate for some means of cutting the knot he is helpless to untie. The cause of Greece! Here, in the name of that land which had for Byron from youth



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the most romantic charm, lay a way of escape. With much detail, but without ever losing sight of his central theme, Mr. Nicolson tells the story of the "last journey" which followed. We see how, always uncertain in mood and minor act, Byron held to his main purpose. We see him lavishly spending his means and energies to bolster up the uncertain campaigns of the Greek patriots—among whom he found much sordidness and even treachery. And finally we see him reduced to the realization that all he can do is idle; and so taking to drink, and coming down presently with what was probably typhoid, and being treated with the cheerful purging and bleeding of that period, and finally achieving the peace of death. His final utterance was characteristic: "To preserve my life will be in vain. Die I must: I feel it. Its loss I do not lament; for to terminate my wearisome existence I came to Greece. My wealth, my abilities, I devoted to her cause. Well, there is my life to her. One request let me make you. Let not my body be hacked, or sent to England. Here let my bones molder. Lay me in the first corner without pomp or nonsense."

The rest of the narrative recounts, with some touches of startling realism, how his body was promptly "hacked" by surgeons eager to dismantle the machinery of genius, and sent home pickled in a barrel of spirits, and finally buried with all proper pomp and nonsense, "in a manner befitting an English country gentleman," in the family vault of one who had never been able to endure his family or to feel at home in England.

FICTION

**ISLAND CHRONICLE (AN).** By William Cummings. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.50.

Daniel Wilbur Steele put the Portuguese of New England on our literary map, thus adding a highly picturesque element to our fictional material. Mr. Cummings follows worthily in his steps, writing simply and beautifully of simple lives stirred tremendously by primitive emotions. There is tragedy in his story, but the impression left behind by it is one of strength and faith in life rather than sadness. As a first book, his novel is astonishingly well built and executed.

**DEEP IN THE HEARTS OF MEN.** By Mary E. Waller. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

On the last page, numbered 459, we read: "Now the sun is flooding the heights round about the Sanctuary. . . . Small red squirrels are chattering about the porch; from within comes the murmur of women's gentle voices mingled with the joyful sound of little children's prattle and babble, together with the unmistakable gurglings and abortive

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chuckles of babyhood. . . . There are three of them now: Adrien Powers 3d, small Jean Isobel, his sister, and a baby not yet eight months old—David Welch McQuade. Perhaps it is needless to say that he and his father are as one." This is a fair sample of the style and mood of this writer, a yearning sentimentalist from the first chapter of her first book to this latest. She has a large following among readers who like a rich frosting on their sponge-cake.

**DEEP MEADOWS.** By Margaret R. Larminie. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

A singular situation occurs in this story; a wife separated from her husband and living with her three daughters under an assumed name goes to her whilom husband to ask him to let her divorce him so that she can marry another man. The husband consents with ironic glee, for the wife does not know that the newspapers were proclaiming that night that the husband had been arrested for gigantic fraud unearthed by the very man his wife wanted to marry, while that man in turn was totally ignorant of the fact that the criminal was the husband of the woman he loved. This and other queer turns of fate in the woman's life are worked out with skill and remind one of Thomas Hardy's title, "Little Ironies of Life."

Apart from plot interest "Deep Meadows" is a strong novel, written in a calm, assured manner, clear in its painting of characters, interesting in its incursions into the philosophy of human nature. It would be hard to name many better recent stories by English novelists.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

**NEGRO FROM AFRICA TO AMERICA (THE).** By W. D. Weatherford, Ph.D. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $5.

Dr. Weatherford is a pioneer in that considerable body of Southern white men engaged on the problem of bringing the whites and blacks of the South into kindlier relations. His book, of nearly five hundred pages, touches on nearly every aspect of the great problem; on some perhaps a little too lightly to be very informative, but on most as adequately as could be expected in a general work. It is, on the whole, an admirable analysis, supported by carefully culled evidence; destined to be "standard" in its field.

**BEHIND THE SCENES IN POLITICS.** Anonymous. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

A work pretty certain to cause many a flutter in political dovecotes. It professes to carry us behind the scenes in politics under the direction of an old stager who knows 'em all. A good deal of humor, shrewd comment, and horse sense—perhaps a certain superfluity of horse sense. The chapter entitled "The Wives of Great Men Oft Remind Us" says much that needed to be said about the "modern woman" or "self-expressive lady."

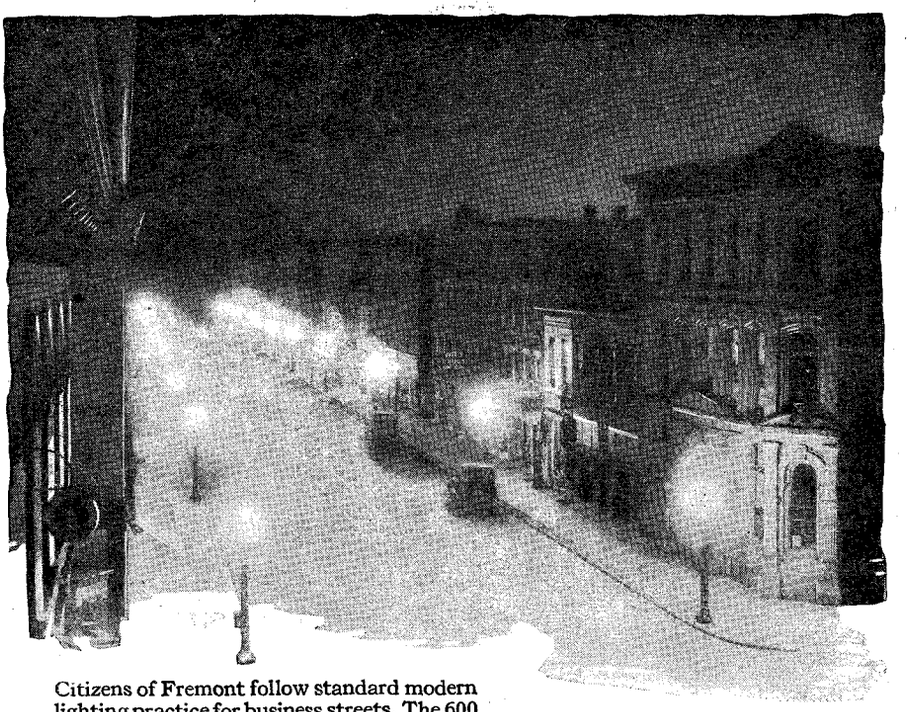
**WORLD UNBALANCED (THE).** By Gustave Le Bon. *Longmans, Green & Co., New York.* $3.50.

The well-known author ranges over almost the entire field of political and economic developments since the Armistice, exposing absurdities and stupidities wittily, epigramatically, paradoxically, and on the whole wisely. Towards minor facts his attitude is sometimes a trifle airy, but on essentials he is accurately informed, and he does not lack of constructive suggestions. A highly entertaining and stimulating book.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

**JANE AUSTEN: A FRENCH APPRECIATION.** By Léonie Villard, and Translated by Veronica Lucas. Together with **A New Study of Jane Austen** (Interpreted through "Love and Freindship"). By R. Brimley Johnson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4.25.

Mr. Johnson briefly shows (the lately recovered "Love and Freindship" to witness) how the genius of Jane Austen rose from parody to portraiture. The larger "appreciation" by Mlle. Villard (four-fifths of the volume) is an excerpt from a doctorial thesis. An amazing thesis;

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for, besides exhibiting the thoroughness, the profound knowledge of the subject, to be expected in a doctorial thesis, it is light, graceful, sympathetic in the best sense—altogether beautifully and delightfully done.

**CREOLE SKETCHES.** By Lafcadio Hearn. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

Little essays about New Orleans, contributed by Hearn to the "Item" of that city. Illustrated by woodcuts by the author.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

**NECESSITY OF ART (THE).** By A. Clutton Brock, Percy Dearmer, A. S. Duncan-Jones, J. Middleton Murry, A. W. Pollard, and Malcolm Spencer. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $3.

A "symposium" of "highbrows," if you please. The title threatens something highbrowish, and the threat is executed. The common object of the symposiasts seems to be to reconcile art and religion, so long sundered; in particular, to dispel the Puritan's conviction of sin about art, so largely responsible for the antagonism. There are several ways in which such a theme may be handled; whereof the one chosen is the transcendental. Unfortunately, this calls for genius of the first order (as one of the rare examples of success in that kind one may cite Shelley's "Essay on Poetry"), and none of our symposiasts is quite in that class. We are not swept into the empyrean, but bored. Mr. Dearmer, however, is content to remain on earth for a few pages; and, so doing, gives a highly interesting account of the continuity of art under Christian auspices through the so-called dark ages.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

**LOGIC OF CONDUCT (THE).** By James MacKaye. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.

A restatement of utilitarianism or that ethical doctrine which makes the happiness of mankind the end and utility the guide of right conduct. The originality of the author is shown chiefly in his refinement of the definition of the doctrine and his development of the idea that the utility of acts and courses of action can and should be scientifically determined, that a technology of utility may be developed capable of regenerating the world. The argument is presented in a dialogue between "Senior" and "Junior," Plato of course furnishing the model. It has to be said that the dialogue is extremely artificial. It falls considerably short of the clarity, the urbanity, the elegance and ease of style, the humor, the stimulation to both intellect and imagination, the atmosphere, of the Platonic dialogues. But it is not a failure; and not definitely to fail in that most difficult (though, properly managed, the ideal) mode of philosophical presentation is an achievement. On the whole, the argument is lucid, the diction felicitous, and the style fairly so. Unfortunately, there are passages of very hard going. Some road-mending might make the book a popular one. Those stretches made smooth, the author would deserve, even though he might not achieve, a popular success.

SCIENCE

**FORESTRY ALMANAC.** Compiled and Edited by the American Tree Association. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

This book gives a clear view of the forest conditions in this country, and also of the scope of the present praiseworthy forestry movement. The volume is a genuine treasury of facts, statistics, and suggestions. Every lover of trees should welcome it, for surely every such man, woman, or child wants to know more about the various kinds of trees and how to plant them; about their habits and growth; about forest education in our colleges and universities; about our forest taxation laws and the necessity for their revision; about the protection now afforded and that which should be afforded to our forests from fire; about the tree adornment of country highways and city streets; about the various forestry associations and the United States Forest Service and their influence on ap-

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propriate legislation; about the lumber industry and its gradual transformation from being an agent of extravagance to being an agent of help to our forests; finally, about forests in other countries than ours. On all these points the "Forestry Almanac" gives concise yet comprehensive information.

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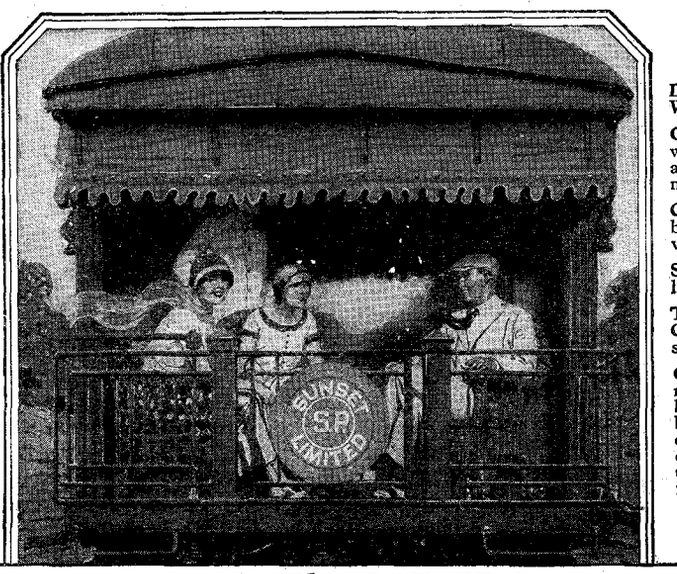
# Contributors' Gallery

KARL T. FREDERICK is a lawyer who is concerned with something more important than the mere winning of cases. He finds the law an absorbing vocation because he is vitally concerned with justice and fundamental principles. His contributions to various law reviews have been frequently cited in judicial decisions. He has a pet hobby which has won him international distinction, but we are under strict orders from him not to mention it in the biographical note to accompany his article in this issue.

H. W. BOYNTON is an author, editor, and contributor to magazines of essays, criticism, and fiction. He was for three years chief reviewer for the "Atlantic Monthly," and has served on the staffs of the New York "Evening Post," the "Nation," and the "Bookman."

IT is not often that a daughter has a chance to get a dramatic interview with her own father. That was the opportunity which came to Natalie De Bogory. Miss De Bogory has also collaborated with her father on a book entitled "When I Was a Boy in Russia."

ALBERT SPALDING is probably America's most distinguished violinist and one of the best in the world. He has also written a number of compositions for the violin which have charm and distinction. In the article in this issue he gives a picture of English life and also—unwittingly—of his own delightful personality.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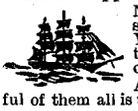

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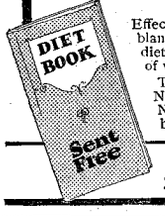


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# Financial Department

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

## Trust Services

By WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

AMONG the services of major—and growing—importance of banks and trust companies to-day is the fiduciary or trust work. To a certain extent banking houses have always acted more or less informally in the capacity of trustee, or trusted representative, for some of their customers. But by comparatively recent law they have been placed on an equal footing with individuals in this respect. Under the Massachusetts statute, for example, a trust company "may be appointed executor of a will, codicil, or writing testamentary, administrator with the will annexed, administrator of the estate of any person, receiver, assignee, guardian, conservator or trustee under a will or instrument creating a trust for the care and management of property under the same circumstances, and subject to the same control by the court having jurisdiction of the same, as a legally qualified individual."

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devolve upon an executor or administrator, most people are more or less familiar. But with what is known as an "individual" or "personal" trust the public is but vaguely familiar. The question, therefore, What is a trust? must be answered before trust service can be described.

In legal language, a trust is "a right of property, real or personal, held by one person for the benefit of another." A trust is made by an instrument in writing by some person, A, who gives or conveys to the trustee certain property under instructions to hold that property for the benefit of himself or of other people, paying the income, and eventually disposing of the principal, as directed.

"To attempt an enumeration of the purposes for which trusts may be created," according to the attorney of an experienced trust company, "would be to attempt a classification of human motives. There may be the elaborate business trust almost identical with a corporation. There may be the trust to insure the comfortable support, maintenance, and education of minor children, or to insure the donor's own support for life with provisions for the benefit of others or to charitable, educational, or other purposes at the donor's death. A wife or husband may create a trust whose effect will be to defeat the surviving husband's or wife's interest in the donor's estate at death, except that rights of dower and courtesy in real estate owned during marriage cannot be thus cut off without consent. Property may be put in trust to keep it out of the control of the beneficiary's husband, or to put it beyond the reach of the beneficiary's present or future creditors, or to guard against the profligacy of a spendthrift beneficiary or the gullibility of an inexperienced one. Trusts may, within limits, be formed for the purpose of allowing property to accumulate or to limit liability, much as incorporation is resorted to, but a purpose in itself illegal or contrary to public policy could not legally be accomplished by forming a trust."

A typical trust deed consists of five main points. The wording of the clauses will differ from trust to trust, because no two trusts are alike in their specific purposes. A composite picture of a great many trusts now in actual operation is as follows:

1. Preamble, conveyance, and description of trust property. 2. Distribution—as to income, principal, and at the termination of the trust. 3. Powers of the trustee, general and specific, varying according to the nature of the trust and the desire of the maker of the trust. 4. Provision for amendment or revocation of

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Under one or another variation of this type of trust deed, uncounted billions of dollars' worth of property are held in trust by the banks and trust companies of the United States. There are trusts created by will; trusts for the benefit of charitable institutions; trusts whose principal comes from insurance; so-called "living trusts;" trusts for the benefit of aged persons, insane, spendthrifts, and minors. A large part of this growth is of very recent origin, and the probabilities are that the next two decades will see a still greater increase in its volume.

The reason for this is not far to seek. Trustee service means, in relation to the property in trust, first of all, *conservation* of principal with a view to safeguarding income; and, second, *skilled financial management*. Trustee service prevents the wastefulness and loss which frequently takes place when property falls into inexpert hands. In many of the States the "American rule" governing trust investments prevails. Under it the trustee "is to observe how men of prudence, discretion, and intelligence manage their own affairs, not in regard to speculation, but in regard to the permanent disposition of their funds, considering the probable income as well as the probable safety of the capital to be invested."

Nothing is more characteristic of the modern corporate trustee than the spirit and practice of this rule.

Of course trustees, executors, and administrators existed long before these functions were assumed by banks. Individual fiduciaries will always continue to exist, though the public hears little about them because they do not advertise for business, while the banks and trust companies spend millions in this way. There are certain obvious advantages in appointing a bank rather than an individual. The bank is permanent—"it never dies, never is sick, never goes on a vacation." Further, the trust department of a bank specializes in this kind of service, and is therefore in a different position from the individual attorney who undertakes trust work as a side line. In the matter of investments, the larger trust companies have reduced to nearly an exact science the analysis of bonds and stocks with a view to safety of principal, certainty of income, proper diversification, marketability, and legality. Are, for example, the assets of the issuing company sufficient to insure regular income over a series of years? Can the security be readily converted into cash in case of need? Is the list so varied that depression in one group will not occur in

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all? These are some of the problems of the up-to-date analysis department which are solved by the careful organization of data for each security held in trust.

Ultimately responsible for investment policy—which, after all, is fundamental to real trust service—is a committee of the directors of the bank, chosen because of their peculiarly wide and successful experience in such matters. The ordinary individual trustee is almost powerless to duplicate such methods and such experts unless he, too, has his own organization trained and equipped to handle the almost infinite detail of trust administration, not only as to investments, but as to tax returns, real estate management, accounting, and the like.

One particular form of trust it is worth while to discuss in some detail because, in the first place, it is typical of all trusts, and, in the second place, because it is available to persons of small as well as large means. I refer to the so-called "life-insurance trust."

Ordinarily the face amount of an insurance policy is paid, on the death of the insured, to the widow or other relative. Probably in the vast majority of cases it goes to the widow. She therefore has the not altogether simple problem of handling a fairly large amount of cash—five, ten, twenty, or forty thousand dollars, or more, as the case may be. Now, it is an unfortunate and undisputed fact that insurance money is frequently wasted because of the lack of business judgment of the beneficiary. In order, then, to "insure insurance" against such dissipation, most of the larger companies offer to have the policy made payable to themselves under an agreement or contract such that the principal is conserved by wise investment and the income paid to the widow. This plan is an excellent step forward to the trust plan, which, as will be seen, is much more adaptable to unforeseen emergencies while at the same time having every safeguard.

"Suppose," says a descriptive leaflet issued by the American Bankers Association, "a man could take out a policy that would insure the proper management and investment of the insurance money paid to his wife—there is little doubt but that he would jump at the opportunity.

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NEW YORK

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Gentlemen:—

Please send me without obligation your booklet, "How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds."

Name_____

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NO LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR IN FIFTY-NINE YEARS


between yourself and the trust company, for the trust company to act as trustee for the insurance. Have the insurance company change the terms of your policy so that it is payable to the bank, as trustee. Have the agreement specify just how you wish the insurance money distributed—in what installments and at what periods. Insert such other instructions into the agreement as you wish to have carried out.

"Then, in the event of your death, the amount of your policy would be paid to the trust company, and it would carry out your instructions."

Thus insurance policies to a total of $20,000 placed in trust would bring an income of approximately $1,000 a year. The trustee could—and should—be instructed to utilize principal if, in its judgment, an emergency required it, as a severe illness. Such a provision is of course more desirable in case of the smaller estates. But, in any event, it protects the beneficiary in time of great need when the income of the trust alone would be insufficient. In this respect the trusteeing of insurance is a more flexible, and hence a better arrangement than to leave it under an unalterable contract with the insurance company.

This illustration will serve to indicate that some kind of a trust is within the reach of almost everybody. It will also now be apparent that a trust is nothing more than the placing of property in responsible hands under definite, sufficiently elastic instructions, for the purpose of carrying out the will of the owner or maker of the trust.

In many ways a trust resembles a will, but in certain important legal aspects a trust created by a living person to run, presumably, for some years beyond the date of his death, under certain conditions, avoids the burden of inheritance taxes imposed by law on estates, and is of course not subject to the costs of probate proceedings. It is therefore possible for an individual to set aside a portion of his property under a deed of trust so that it will be used precisely as he might decree under his will. Such a trust—any trust, in fact—can be amended or revoked in whole or in part at the maker's pleasure, so that the creation of a trust estate need not be considered as a final, irrevocable act.

The supposed high cost of the services of a corporate fiduciary either as executor, administrator, or trustee is often a deterrent. But this need not be the case. In States where fees are not fixed by statute they are subject to limitation or review by the probate courts, and in no instance known to the writer is there any difference between the charge allowed an individual and that allowed a trust company, unless it be less in the latter instance. For managing a trust of any kind the standard fee is from five to six per cent of income. It should be realized that this fee includes safeguarding of capital, making investments, often the management of real estate, and, in addition to accounting and bookkeeping, the preparation and filing of complex Federal and State tax returns. In all these duties the modern trust department of a bank is expert and, by reason of handling a large number of trusts under single management, can operate both economically and efficiently.

Trust or fiduciary work is rapidly becoming an important branch of banking and is a branch which, thanks to its peculiar character, is bringing banking into still closer contact with the people, the industries, and the charities of the community.

## Questions and Answers

Q. What do you think of General Electric stock? Has this company issued both common and preferred? Also a bond issue?

A. We do not hesitate to say that the capital stock of the General Electric Company is an investment stock. The company has a 6 per cent cumulative "special" stock, par value $10, callable at 11, with no voting powers. Regular dividends have been paid since issue. It has a prior claim to dividends. Of the common or capital issue, there are $185,000,000 outstanding. The par is 100. Dividends are paid regularly in cash and stock. The company has two issues of debentures—not mortgage bonds. Its financial position is of the strongest character. It owns or controls several profitable corporations.

Q. Please give me your opinion as to the safety of these bonds: (1) Fairmont and Clarksburg Traction Company First Mortgage 5s. (2) Potomac Electric Power Company 6s.

A. The Fairmont and Clarksburg Traction Company First Mortgage 5s are secured by a first mortgage on a street railway system, branch lines, and a power plant under a perpetual franchise. These bonds are listed on the Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston exchanges. Moody's rating is Aa—next to the highest. The General and Refunding Series "B" 6s of the Potomac Electric Power Company are secured by a general mortgage on all the properties of the company. They are rated A by Moody.


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Arnold Guaranteed Certificates provide maximum safety combined with high rate of income. They are amply secured by first mortgages on improved real estate and homes and by Arnold and Co. with its capital and surplus of $1,250,000 and a record of 29 years of successful operation.

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*60c a line; column width 1¾ in.; single column only*

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### October Brings *Springtime* Here

This month—October—marks the beginning of stimulating spring weather in Tucson, Arizona. Days are warm and sunny, nights are cool, and the dry, brisk air makes one "springy" with energy.

***Rest and Play***

This is the season of rest and play. Outdoor life is at its best. Golf (town and country clubs open to visitors), riding, hunting, motoring, Indian Villages, Old Mexico and hundreds of strange new sights.

***Plan Now for Tucson***

Don't shiver and freeze through another winter when sunshine and outdoor life are so close. If you want to rest or play, or find relief from overwork, pulmonary troubles, "nerves" or general "run down condition" you will find much to help you in this Sunshine-Climate.

***Send for This***

Send for the booklet, "Man-Building in the Sunshine-Climate." You will enjoy every word of it and the pictures will suggest a hundred new and novel experiences. Mail the coupon.

**TUCSON**
*Sunshine Climate Club*
**ARIZONA**

B

**Tucson Sunshine-Climate Club**
**301 Old Pueblo Bldg., Tucson, Arizona**
Please send me your free booklet, "Man-Building in the Sunshine-Climate."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

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**Ministers, Professors, Teachers**

If you wish to earn a first-class trip to South America at $1,200, or a trip to Europe at $850, write for full particulars. All parties will now be limited to six paying members.

**BABCOCK'S TOURS, Inc.**
Established 1900
**136 Prospect St., East Orange, N.J.**

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**WORLD ACQUAINTANCE TOURS**
**Just what the name implies.**

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**416 West 122d St., New York City**

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**EGYPT—PALESTINE**
**A small private party**
**Leader Prof. H. L. WILLETT**
**of the University of Chicago**
***Send for itinerary***
**H. W. Dunning, Brookline, Mass.**

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Registrations are now being received for:

**TOURS to EGYPT**
**Palestine, Greece and Italy**
with
Dr. Powers & Dr. Allen
Sailing Jan. 5, 17 and Feb. 25, 1925
**BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL**
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THE beauty, fascination, and mystery of the Orient lures visitors from all over the world to

**JAPAN**

The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook" to
**JAPAN HOTEL ASSOCIATION**
Care Traffic Dept.
**JAPANESE GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS**
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**Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals, $5-6 in cities and popular resorts, $4-5 in the country**

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**TOURS and CRUISES**

Are you planning for a tour to Europe next summer or interested in a winter cruise? Would you appreciate the advice of experienced traveler, representing impartially all companies? *Write*
**Dr. H. W. DUNNING, Brookline, Mass.**

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**WORTHWHILE TOURS**
**Fifteenth Season—1925**
**(A) EUROPE via the MEDITERRANEAN, $919.00**
**(B) TOUR of the WORLD, 174 days, $3,100 to $3,450**
Outside rooms with bath.
Number limited, ⅓ of the space already taken.
*Write NOW to*
WORTHWHILE TOURS, Boston 30, Mass.

## Hotels and Resorts

### *New York City*

**Hotel Hargrave**
**106-112 West 72d St., running through to 71st St., New York**
300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Single rooms, per day, $3 to $4. Double rooms, $3.50 to $4.50. Suite, $5 to $7. Parlor, two double bedrooms, bath, $8 to $10. Send for illustrated booklet J. J. E. GRAPE, Prop.

**Hotel Judson** **53 Washington Sq., New York City**
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager.

### *New Hampshire*

**BEMIS CAMPS**
**OVERLOOKING KIMBALL LAKE**
**Near the White Mountains.** The place you've always wanted to know about, where you could rest and enjoy yourself. Boating, bathing, fishing, tennis, horseback riding, mountain climbing. Nights around the campfire. Private cabins. Reduced rates for September. Address H.C. Bemis, South Chatham, N.H.

### *Connecticut*

**The Wayside Inn**
**NEW MILFORD, Litchfield Co., Conn.**
In the foothills of the Berkshires. Open all the year. An ideal place for your summer's rest. 2 hours from New York. Write for booklet. **Mrs. J. E. Castle, Proprietor.**

### *Colorado*

**S. L. W. RANCH** Healthful, restful, modern 9,000-acre cattle ranch. Open all year, booklet on request. **Greeley, Col.**

### *Massachusetts*

**Rock Ridge Hall,** Wellesley Hills, Mass. Fine location. Running water in bedrooms. Pleasant forest walks and country drives. Our table a specialty. $15-$25 a week.

## Health Resorts

**"INTERPINES"**
Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 26 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Sr., M.D., Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.

## Boarders Wanted

**Ridgewood, N. J.** Private family can accommodate several guests. Commuting distance 32 minutes Erie Central. 85 Woodside Ave. Telephone Ridgewood 125 M.

## Live Stock

**The World's Largest Dog Kennels**
offer for sale Oorang Airdale watch dogs, automobile dogs, children's companions, farm dogs, stock drivers, hunters and retrievers. Also Big Game Hounds, Coonhounds, Foxhounds, Rabbit Hounds, and thoroughbred Hound and Airedale puppies. Satisfaction and safe delivery guaranteed to any point in the United States. Large illustrated descriptive catalog mailed free.
**OORANG KENNELS, Box 146, LA RUE, OHIO**

## Real Estate

### *New York*

**For Sale, Unfurnished, or For Rent, Furnished**
**"THE KNOLL"**
the home of the late
Dr. Lyman Abbott at
**CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.**

The house contains twelve rooms, three baths, lavatory, electric lights, and steam heat. There are on the property also a cottage, with bath and electricity, and a garage and cow barn. About two and a half acres of land afford ample room for garden. Many shade and fruit trees. Views of mountains and river. Address

J. N. ENGBERS
Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

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**FOR SALE** New 2-family brick house attractive suburb, Mt. Vernon, Westchester County, 30 minutes Grand Central Station. Owner selling at cost owing business change. Purchaser, by renting one apartment current prices, would have for personal use delightful sunny 8-room apartment, modern improvements, at cost to him approximately $600 a year. Double garage. For information address 2,747, Outlook.

**FOR RENT, in FLUSHING, L.I.** Charming shingled house (cottage), 10 rooms, 4 baths, modern conveniences. 2-car garage. Telephone Flushing 2246. 2,713, Outlook.

### *Massachusetts*

**FOR SALE** A residential corner lot of 80,000 feet of highly cultivated land, including greenhouses, etc., suitable for building, with ocean view, in most exclusive part of **MARBLEHEAD NECK, MASS.**, five minutes' walk from Eastern and Corinthian Yacht Clubs. Price reasonable. No brokers.
M. N. VIDLER, 101 Milk St., Boston 9, Mass.

### *New Jersey*

**ESSEX FELLS, N. J.** For rent, eight-room house, fully furnished. All improvements. Gas and electricity, steam heat. Garage. Garden. 500 ft. elevation. One hour from N. Y., Erie or Lackawanna. Box 65, Essex Fells, N. J.

### *Florida*

**New four-room and bath** furnished bungalow with garage; conveniences. On Indian River, near Cocoa (east coast). For particulars address C. F. NORTON, Cocoa, Florida.

### *South Carolina*

**Summerville, S. C.** For rent, furnished cottage, 10 rooms, furnace, garage, garden, pines; fine climate; golf and riding. $700 season. 2,753, Outlook.

## Apartments

**Private** apartment in beautiful grounds bordering Hudson—Yonkers. Six large rooms, sun-porch, fireplaces, four exposures, every convenience. Garage. 2,743, Outlook.

## A Mart of the Unusual

**FOR SALE**
**A Sharps Carbine and a Pike**
brought by John Brown to Harpers Ferry in 1859 and handled by Brown's men and probably by Brown himself. These are rare curios for a museum. Price $500 each. Address Rev. W. C. CAMPBELL, Roanoke, Va.

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**Let me sell your slightly used gowns, suits, wraps, and children's clothing on commission.** More satisfactory than to sell for cash. MAY A. SHANNON, Wakefield, R. I.

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**Old-Fashioned Cider Apple Sauce;** also Pasteurized Sweet Cider. *Direct* from farm. Sealed sweet keeps sweet. Circulars and prices. Lee o' the Mountain, Wilton, N. Y.

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SPARE-time non-fiction writing. Requires no literary genius. Income limited only by time you can give. Wonderful opportunities. Scores of subjects everywhere. Let me prove it. Write for the evidence of what I can do for you. Learn how to achieve financial independence. Floyd L. Darrow, author, journalist, and teacher, Ashville, Chautauqua County, New York.

INQUISITIVE young sons need "Popular Science Monthly." Present-day science, invention, discovery, explained by clear text and ample illustrations; interests men too. Year's subscription, $2.50; remit now to Wm. H. Best, Box 265, Oak Park, Ill.

UNITARIAN literature sent free. Apply to Mrs. Silas A. Greenwood, Winchendon, Mass.

## BOARD AND ROOMS

FOR rent, one room with garage, in private family near Miami, Fla.; no invalids or children taken; references required. 5,446, Outlook.

## GREETING CARDS

UNIQUE ten cent Christmas cards. Anna Wildman, The Clinton, Philadelphia.

## HOW TO ENTERTAIN

PLAYS, musical comedies and reviews, minstrel music, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogs, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, stage handbooks, make-up goods. Big catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash Ave., Dept. 74, Chicago.

## MUSICAL

THE ETUDE offers musical information, instruction, and inspiration monthly; famous musicians contribute; 200 musical selections. The world's best musical investment for teachers, students, and all music lovers. Request postpaid Etude Clubbing Circular, listing many magazine bargains, or remit $2 now for year's subscription, to Wm. H. Best, Box 265, Oak Park, Ill.

## ROOMS TO RENT

LADY having attractive apartment which overlooks Riverside Drive and Columbia University, would rent one, two rooms, furnished. 5,492, Outlook.

## EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

CO-OPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE. Institutional executives, secretaries, social workers. Housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers. Governesses, companions, mothers' helpers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

## HELP WANTED

### Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite C 5842, Washington, D. C.

### Companions and Domestic Helpers

A capable young woman with experience to care for two children; desirable position; good salary. Must have references. 5,488, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged companion in refined Christian home. Intelligent, cheerful, handy with sewing, helpful in home. Practical nursing experience of value. Moderate wages. 5,486, Outlook.

## SITUATIONS WANTED

### Professional Situations

YOUNG woman, literary connection, not finding suitable accommodation, will give two hours of valuable time five or six days every week, as secretary, to read aloud, read proof, tutor, chaperon, for good home in private family. Preferably East Side, West to Sixth Ave. Highest social and professional credentials. 5,481, Outlook.

### Business Situations

EXPERIENCED librarian desires position. References. 5,457, Outlook.

WANTED—Position to assist or active partnership in a tea room requiring small investment. 5,455, Outlook.

WANTED—Capable woman wants position as caterer and manager; fifteen years' experience. Free after January 1. 5,482, Outlook.

TWO ladies, who have tea room at Maine shore resort, wish positions together in established tea room in the South. 5,491, Outlook.

### Companions and Domestic Helpers

LADY desires position as mother's helper, companion to children of school age. Sews and willing to make herself generally useful. Highly recommended. Country preferred. Address 5,490, Outlook.

USEFUL companion and household assistant (where maid is kept) by kind-hearted woman of fine qualifications. 5,416, Outlook.

COMPANION-secretary — Young woman, educated, social and business training, adaptable, dependable. Years of European experience. 5,419, Outlook.


# By the Way

QUEER things to eat which may be found in stores that cater to the foreign colonies of New York City, according to an article in the "Scientific American," are: Ripened jet-black duck eggs of China; dried and spitted clams of Japan; desiccated oysters of Canton; brick tea of Hankow; blood bread of Finland; chocolate paste of Italy, done up in sausage skins; haggis of Scotland, looking like a boxing glove; snow-white lard sausages of Sicily; apricot sheeting of Turkey; white strawberries of France; and dried beef in sheet form of Latin America.

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From the Detroit "News:"

I cannot be quoted, he said;
I've nothing to say in the press.
My opinion's not worth being read;
Publicity gives me distress.

(Sotto voce.)
But should you insist on printing
A statement in spite of this stricture,
Please see that my name's spelled correctly
And—how about using my picture?

---

Under a framed picture of a group of aged men eating an institutional dinner a New York City bank prints this admonitory explanation:

The inmates of this New York poorhouse were once young and strong—able providers—full of enthusiasm and ambition—as you are to-day. Like yourself, they were ever and ever urged to *save*. They sneered at saving. *Do you?*

---

From the "Type Metal Magazine:"

"There are two types of salesmen: One makes sales; the other makes customers. The streets are congested with men who can make sales. Some could sell oil paintings to the blind. Many of these men are smart, energetic, successful. One trouble is they are too good. Often they take advantage of their hypnotic selling ability to soak the buyer, or to load him up with more goods than he needs. A salesman who goes out to make customers must operate more slowly than a salesman who is out for sales; but in the long run the former will sell far more than the latter."

---

From the "Penn State Froth:"

Shott—"So you won the pentathlon?"
He (proudly)—"I did."
"How far did you throw it?"

---

From "Tit-Bits:"

You can't pick locks with a pickle,
You can't cure the sick with a sickle,
  Pluck figs with a figment,
  Drive pigs with a pigment,
Nor make your watch tick with a tickle.
You can't make a mate of your mater,
You can't get a crate from a crater,
  Catch moles with a molar,
  Bake rolls with a roller;
But you can get a wait from a waiter.

---

From "Le Rire:"

The Customer (at bookstall on the Seine)—"I'd like to buy this, but there's only the second volume."

The Book-dealer—"Take it for ten sous, then, and I'll tell you the beginning of the story."

---

An ingenious old riddle that is not quite so easy as it looks at first glance is sent by a subscriber:

A princess once who tried to ——
Her fair hand wounded with a ——;
A magic sleep she then fell ——
  And thus for years she lay.
At length to break the slumber ——
E'er her pure soul by it were ——
A noble knight with true love ——
  Kissed all the spell away.

Behead the last word of the first line and it gives the last word of the second line; behead the last word of the second line and it gives the last word of the third line.


## SITUATIONS WANTED

### Companions and Domestic Helpers

REFINED young lady desires to be a companion to lady, traveling through the South or California preferred. References if desired. Write 5,472, Outlook.

NURSE-teacher-secretary desires to accompany convalescent woman, child, or elderly couple going South. 1876 Stanwood Rd., E. Cleveland. Eddy 7559 W.

LADY experienced in all kinds of institution work desires position as head of girls' school or institution. 5,474, Outlook.

POSITION wanted by lady as useful companion or assistant with household duties. Neat sewer. No kitchen work. Country. G. O., 66 Maple Ave., Morristown, N. J.

MAN and wife desire position for winter months as caretakers of property or would care for invalid or elderly person. 5,487, Outlook.

WOMAN of culture, experience, adaptability, wishes position as companion-secretary to lady. Exceptional references. 5,483, Outlook.

EDUCATED, refined young woman as home manager, chaperon, or companion. Exceptionally capable. 5,461, Outlook.

## SITUATIONS WANTED

### Companions and Domestic Helpers

REFINED young woman as companion to lady. Well educated and traveled. References exchanged. 5,489, Outlook.

### Teachers and Governesses

CANADIAN young lady desires position tutor private family. Holds degree Mistress Liberal Arts. Capable teaching French, Latin, and music. 5,478, Outlook.

## STATIONERY

PERSONAL STATIONERY—200 single or 100 double sheets, 100 envelopes, printed in dark blue on good bond paper, $1. Frank B. Hicks, Macedon Center, N. Y.

MOST desirable printed stationery for personal use. Your name and address on 200 fine quality bond note sheets and 100 envelopes for $1, postpaid east of Denver; elsewhere, $1.15. Folded sheet style, $1.50. Record Press, Box 127, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

## MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

INVALID or ELDERLY WOMAN will receive exceptionally good care in beautiful Connecticut home. Suites of rooms with private baths and open fireplaces. Location rural, but on main highway on famous old street. Graduate nurse in charge. 5,476, Outlook.

WANTED to adopt mother, daughter, sister or friend to be helpful and loyal to and to be both to me. Much money desirable but not necessary. Comfortable means and sense of humor indispensable. Pilgrim, 5,477, Outlook.

WANTED, child boarders. Cultured home. $15 a week. References exchanged. 5,484, Outlook.

TRAINED nurse, college graduate, will undertake the physical and mental care of a child in her Vermont home. 5,485, Outlook.


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